



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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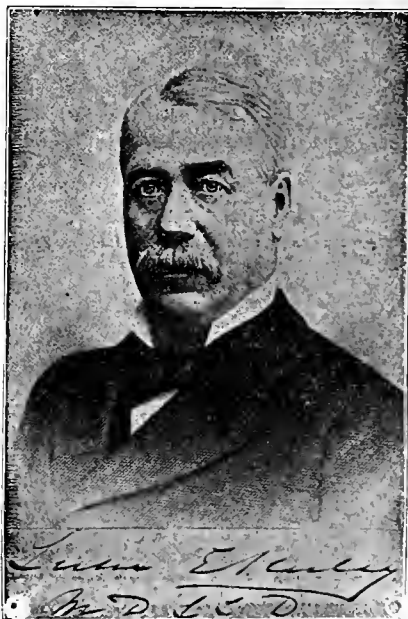
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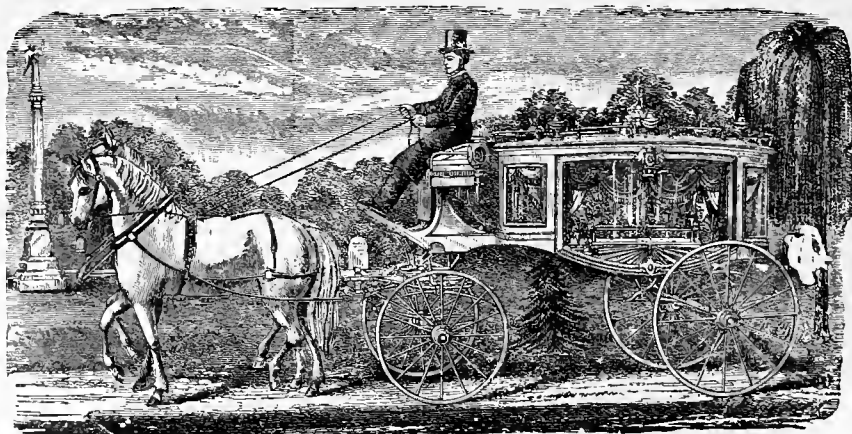
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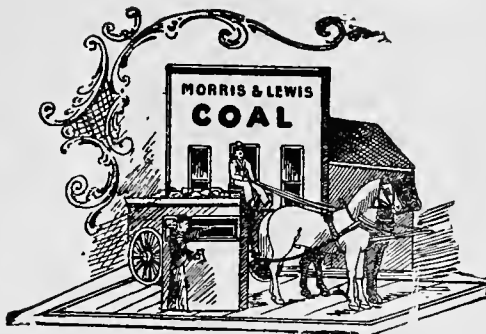
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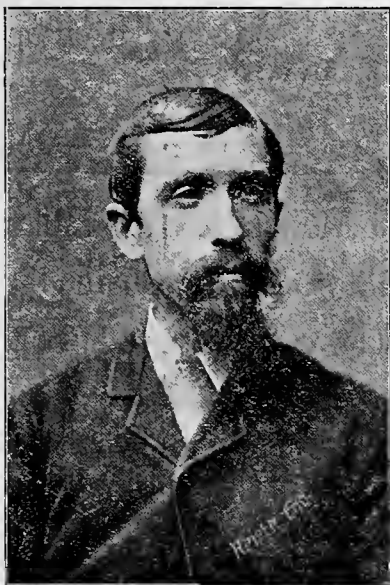
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❁ ANNOUNCEMENT. ❁



VOLUME XXXII., BEGINNING JANUARY 1, 1897.



It is with feelings of sincere gratitude to the Giver of all good that we announce the close of the Thirty-first and the beginning of the Thirty-second Volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Thirty-one years ago—a generation of time as mankind reckons it—the first number was issued. The form and size of the publication have been many times changed—always for the better, we trust—while its essential features and capacity for good have been, we believe, abundantly multiplied. Looking back over this long period, and recalling the acquaintance and friendship which those years have cemented between us and our patrons, it seems almost unnecessary to make promises for the future: if our labors and record in the past are not sufficient evidence of devotion to our readers' interest and instruction, we shall be quite unable to supply the lack with verbal pledges now.

We merely offer greetings, therefore, to old friends and new, and hope for a continuance of their favor and support. This we shall endeavor to deserve; for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, strengthened by the struggles through which it has passed, and having lived through trials which have caused every other home magazine, one after another, to succumb, feels more than ever the responsibility of supplying the youth of Zion with wholesome, truthful and instructive reading.

The personal writings of the Editor, found in the two departments of the paper which are exclusively his own, will continue the treatment of live and timely subjects as the latter shall be deserving of discussion in a journal such as this.

The corps of contributors is now more numerous than ever before, and embraces, besides those whose names are already familiar, men and women who are or have been in almost every part of the known world.

An improvement which we have set out to accomplish is in the quality and number of illustrations. These will be not only increased, but also of finer grade of workmanship—made possible by the great strides taken in the engraver's and photographer's art during late years.

By way of encouraging the Primary Associations to regard the INSTRUCTOR as their paper, we are to have a Primary department, the matter for which will be furnished by and published directly under the auspices of the authorities of the associations. This will not trench upon the pages allotted to more mature readers. The paper will continue to be the official organ of the great Sunday School organization in Zion as well as the organ of young Latter-day Saints generally.

What we believe will prove a popular feature will be the publication of music suitable for Sunday School primary classes and Primary Associations, a necessary and interesting aid in the instruction of the little ones.

Other special features, in the way of sketches and serials, will be introduced from time to time, and in all respects we shall endeavor to keep not merely abreast but rather in advance of the requirements of the best and worthiest book-making.

In conclusion, we solicit the assistance of all who desire the triumph of purity and truth in literature, and especially the support of those who have worked and are working for the establishment of the principles of righteousness in the hearts of the children of men.

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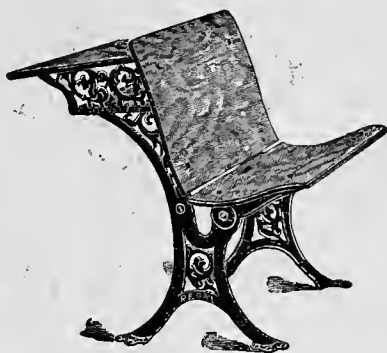
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Lamb, fancy silk lined, a very useful
and beautiful garment which serves
as short cape as well \$20.00

Ladies' White Tibet Lamb, Muff and
Boa \$5.50

Ladies' Tibet Lamb in black, Muff and
Boa \$5.50

Ladies' Seal Skin Boa, with marten
tails \$4.00

Ladies' Mink Boa \$3.00

Ladies' Tibet Boas, in black and white,
two yards long, very handsome \$5.50

We have a full line of Muffs from 50c
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Ladies' Collarette in Electric Seal,
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satin lining \$20.00

Ladies' Astrakan Collarette, silk lined \$7.50

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Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1896.

No. 24.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.

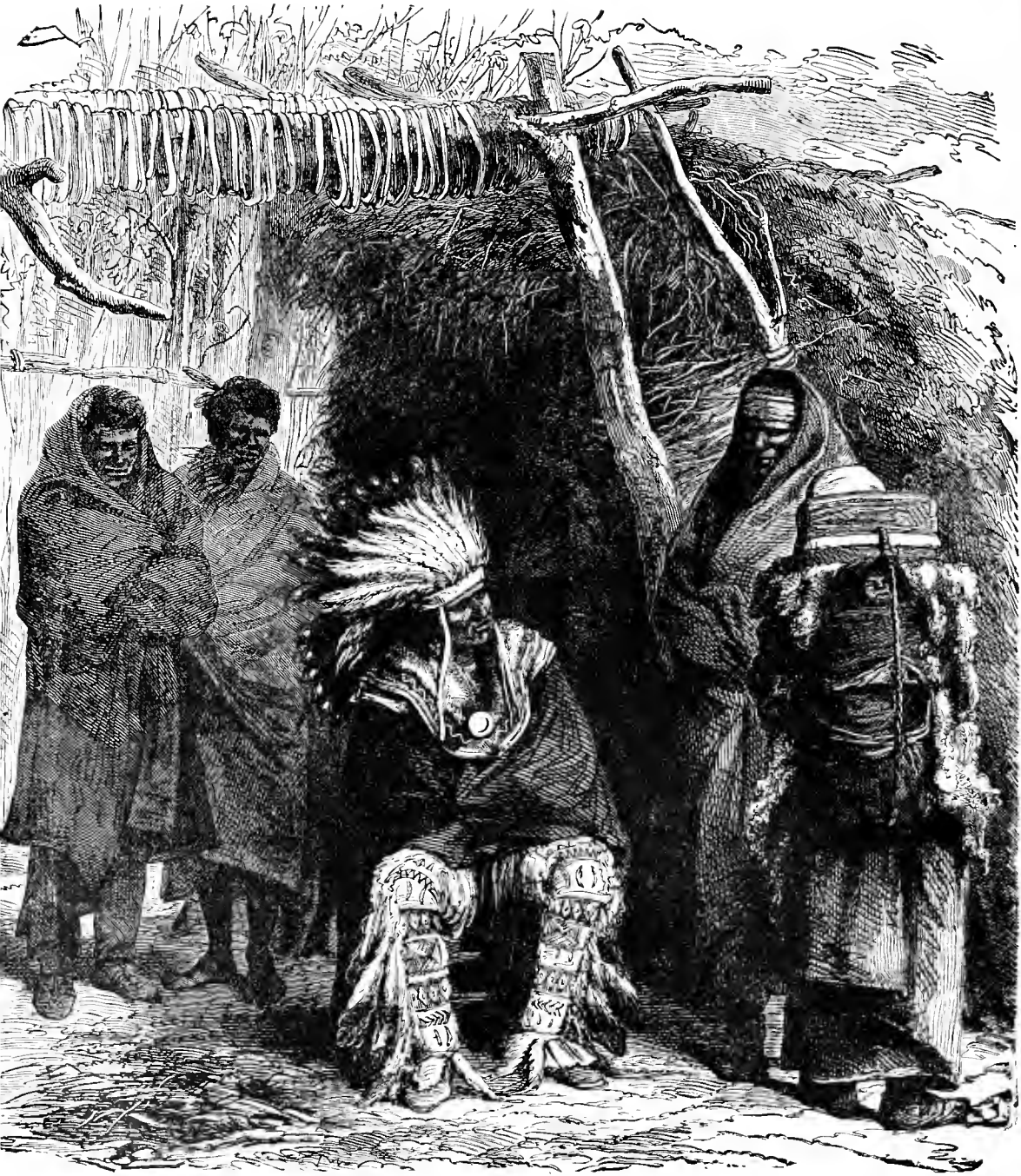
FOR a great many years the trouble between the Indians and the Europeans continued; blood was shed on both sides for the most trifling causes. They fell upon each other at every opportunity, committing all sorts of horrible crimes, but without engaging in open warfare. The attacks were the more terrible because of their suddenness, and the sufferings of both parties were dreadful; yet neither would yield, and every wrong only made them both more bitter and antagonistic, and was only too severely avenged. The white men were just as cruel and barbarous as the Indians, but the red men were so much more quick witted and crafty than their enemies, and generally so much stronger in numbers, that the foreigners were as a rule the greater sufferers. Still even in these skirmishes, several tribes of natives were entirely wiped out.

The Dutch particularly, in their possessions at the north, were in a continual turmoil with the savages. They cheated the Indians in all their dealings with them and were so cruel and aggressive that it is little wonder that the Indians burned the Dutchmen's homes, sacked their villages, carried the women off captives and drove the few remaining settlers into their only stronghold, on Manhattan Island.

The sight of smoke curling from the

chimneys of the white mens' dwellings, and the thriving farms standing where their own dear hunting grounds once were, filled the native Americans with rage. They brooded over their wrongs, discussed them over their camp fires, growing more and more resentful all the time. At last, Pometacom, the son of Massasoit, the old chief who had been so friendly to the English, became so filled with anger, jealousy, and longings for revenge, that he decided to allow no further encroachments of the enemy upon the native possessions. He was the greatest chief among all the tribes of Indians, and was called King Philip by the settlers. He succeeded in secretly forming a union of nearly all the tribes to join with him against the white people. His plans were almost completed, when a traitor Indian, a friend of the colonists, disclosed the whole scheme to them. Three of his own race discovered his treachery and killed him at night. They were immediately seized by the white people and hung. This was the beginning of King Philip's War.

The first attack was made upon Swansea as the people were going home from church. This seemed to be a favorite way with the savages, to fall upon the unsuspecting settlers when they were at their places of worship. A great many times this same thing happened. A



thrilling story is told of an attack at Hadley during this fearful war; whether it is entirely true or not is uncertain:

"At Hadley, the Indians surprised the people during religious service. Seizing their muskets at the sound of the savage war-whoop, the men rushed out of the meeting-house to fall into line. But the foe was on every side. Confused and bewildered, the settlers seemed about to give way, when a strange old man with a long white beard and ancient garb appeared among them. Ringing out a quick, sharp word of command, he recalled them to their senses. Following their mysterious leader, they drove the enemy headlong before them. The danger passed, they looked around for their deliverer. But he had gone. The good people believed he had disappeared as mysteriously as that God had sent an angel to their rescue. But history reveals the secret. It was the regicide, Colonel Goffe. Fleeing from the vengeance of Charles II., with a price set on his head, he had for years wandered about, living in mills, clefts of rocks, and forest caves. At last he found an asylum with the Hadley minister. From his window he had seen the stealthy Indians coming down the hill. Fired with a desire to do one more good deed for God's people, he rushed from his hiding place, led them on to victory, and then returned to his retreat, never more to reappear."

For months the fight raged, and hundreds of lives were lost. King Philip managed to escape for some time, and so long as the tribes felt his power over them they fought on desperately, although many of them saw that they would at last be defeated. One brave old warrior begged Philip to abandon the plan and thereby save the lives of his people. The haughty king was so

indignant at the suggestion that he struck the man dead on the spot. But at last the colonists, under Colonel Church, captured the son of Philip's wife, and sold him into slavery, and then when they discovered the hiding place of the old warrior and he heard of his misfortunes, he surrendered, saying:

"My heart breaks; now I am ready to die."

He was shot by one of his own chiefs, who then cut off his master's hand and carried it away as a trophy.

After the death of their great leader the people had no heart to continue the fight and so the war ended, and the mighty nation was practically subdued.

RUTH.

It was Christmas eve. The crowd of busy shoppers filled the streets. People of all degrees and all classes, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the happy, and the sad, all mingled together in that hurrying, pushing crowd. One, a woman, lingered for a moment gazing wistfully at a bright window: the light from within shone full upon her, showing a face, young in years yet marked with care and sorrow, but still a face of indescribable beauty.

She turned sadly away, dreaming as she went, of other Christmas tides, of angel children, a noble, manly husband, and a beautiful home where happiness reigned supreme. Then, following the current of her thoughts, that scene of memory shifted, and she thought of how losses had followed one another; of the poor yet still happy home; of the discouragements, and last the despair that had driven him she loved so well to the gambling table. There hope, respect and manliness soon left him, and the noble, high-bred man became a

common drunkard, while she, his wife, worked to keep her two dear little ones. Each year she had tried to keep up some semblance of Christmas and all that makes it dear to children's hearts, but this year there could be no Christmas for them.

She reached her home, if home it might be called, and trudging up the steep stairs, entered a room, neat and clean. Sitting by the fire were two children. The younger, baby Hal, a thin, delicate child of five, was listening in rapt attention, to the stories his dark-eyed sister Ruth was telling—stories of Santa Claus and of the Christmas she could remember, when mamma never cried, and papa loved them so much. Then she told the story, old yet ever new and sweet, of Him in whose memory the day is kept.

While they ate their scanty supper, Hal told his mother what they had been doing, while she was away, and talked gleefully of Santa Claus, and what he might bring to them.

"I am afraid Santa Claus is poor this year, baby," said Mrs. Rivers, "and may forget all about us."

When Ruth put him to bed, he whispered with his arms around her neck:

"I wouldn't care if Santa Claus didn't bring me anything to play with, if he would make our papa like he was in the stories you told. I think I will ask Jesus to bring back our dear father to us. He wouldn't forget, like Santa Claus, would he, Ruth?"

"No, dear," she said and, laying down beside him, she told him how God cares for all alike, it matters not how poor they are. She lay there long after Hal was wrapped in slumber, and when, at last, she roused herself, she found that her mother worn out, had fallen asleep.

Ruth was only a child yet she was

so womanly and tender in her ways. Perhaps it was because she had lived so much amid sorrow and had so few of the joys and pleasures of other children.

She sat down, gazing sadly at the dying coals. She could not sleep tonight; little Hal's words were running through her mind, "I will ask Jesus to bring back our dear father to us." O, if he only could be brought back! And tonight was Christmas eve. If he should come home tonight, perhaps mamma would be brighter in the morning.

For a long time she sat, gazing at her mother's pale, sad face, and at last she resolved to go and find her father. She wrapped a shawl around her, stepped to the door, then paused, crossed the room and gently kissed the sleeper. Then she hurried out into the night as the clock was striking eleven. Even yet, the streets were crowded and many wondered at the slight, small figure that passed them by so swiftly.

She sped on, until she reached the building where she thought to find her father. There she paused frightened at what she was about to do. But gathering courage she entered and stood unobserved, looking timidly down the long room until she spied her father.

With faltering steps, shrinking from the wondering gaze of the men, she went up to him and touched him gently on the arm. He turned, startled when he saw it was his daughter, and with an angry exclamation, demanded what she was doing there. She raised her eyes to his face and with a look, which he never forgot, said piteously:

"O papa, please come home! Don't you know it is Christmas eve tonight? Come home with me, papa please."

But her words fell on dumb ears. Taking her by the arm, with a grasp like iron, he led her to the door, and

pushing her roughly out, told her never to come there again.

She stood a moment, half-stunned, then turned and went slowly and sadly back, while sobs shook her slender form and tears almost blinded her.

She walked on scarcely knowing where she went, yet instinctively going toward home.

A cab came tearing down the street; its driver was hurrying to catch the evening train, and saw not the slight forlorn figure until too late. It passed on and a great crowd gathered around the unconscious, mangled form of little Ruth.

They carried her to a house near by, and did all they could to help her, but she was beyond all need of help.

Soon her father came, sober now with pale, remorseful face and as he looked at her lying there so white and still all his better self came forward and kneeling by her side he buried his face in the pillows and wept.

And Ruth at last just before she died opened her eyes and sighing wearily half dreamily repeated baby Hal's words:

"I will ask Jesus to bring back our dear father to us."

He heard the low spoken words and holding her close in his arms, he sobbed,

"Darling little Ruth, forgive me. O forgive me." She lay for a long time contentedly in his arms and at last she whispered in low tremulous tones:

"Papa, take care of mamma, and Hal; be the good father to him that you used to be to me. O papa, if I could only make you that, I would be glad, so glad to die."

He said nothing; he could not speak but in his secret heart was registered a vow that he would be a man again if God and love could make him so.

Midnight came and the Christmas

bells rang out clear on the frosty air; their glad sweet sound reached Ruth and she smiled.

Thus lying in her father's arms with the chimes of the bells ringing in her ears she went to sleep to awaken in that land that is brighter and better than this.

Years passed and showed that her sacrifice was not in vain.

Mr. Rivers is now a prosperous respected man with a happy home and a happy wife from whose beautiful face all traces of sorrow have vanished. And there is Hal a strong manly lad who watches with protecting care over another, his little sister, with Ruth's dark earnest eyes and fair sweet face.

And often as the years roll on when Christmas time comes around once more, and the clear sweet-toned bells ring out their glad message of "Peace on earth and good will toward man," Mr. Rivers thinks of the bells that rang that Christmas night of long ago, of the sweet little blossom that has faded from his life, of himself and the deep, dark gulf from which he has been saved, and, as he thinks of all these things, he thanks God, who in His infinite wisdom and love doeth all things for the best.

Dora Snow.

EVER speak the truth. So long as you adhere to this rule, you can never be involved in any serious misfortune. A deviation from truth is, in general, the foundation of all misery. Be kind to your companions, but be firm. Do not be laughed into doing that which you know to be wrong. Be modest and humble, but ever respect yourself. Remember who you are, and also that it is your duty to excel. Think ever that you are born to perform great duties.

TAHITI.

THE Tahiti of today is not what it was in the days of Captain Cook when he visited it and became acquainted with its country, people and their customs and habits. About one hundred and twenty years have passed away since then, and now instead of finding the people wearing the bark of trees for a covering, you see them wearing clothes that are made by Europeans, and in place of living entirely upon roots, fish and the fruits of the land, they consume to a great extent the flour, rice, coffee, tea, sugar, beef and butter of the foreigner. You find them today praying to, and worshipping the God of the Christian instead of bowing down to, and reverencing the carved idol of wood and stone, whom they so devoutly tried to please, by presenting to him sacrifices in the shape of human beings, animals, and the products of the land. The meeting house, or church, has taken the place of the "marae" or place where the sacrifices were made. The "marae" was built like a large altar, of common building and coral rock, and it was here that the priests came and chanted their prayers, offered sacrifice, etc. It had no doubt, been a very ancient custom for the people to attend these ceremonies; no one, however, but the priests were allowed to take part in officiating there, when sacrifice was offered. Many of these places of worship were of immense proportions, one especially being mentioned in the Encyclopedia Britanica, as having been two hundred and seventy feet long, ninety-four feet wide, and fifty feet high, and whose summit was reached by ascending a flight of coral and basalt steps. Besides being used as places to offer up sacrifice the "maraes" were used also as sepulchers for the bodies of their departed chiefs, and it

was here that the priests used to sit for hours and chant prayers to their heathen gods. Especially was this so in times of trouble, as in case of war with another tribe, or the inhabitants of an adjoining island. They would then invariably think it necessary to make a sacrifice of a human being, and utter long prayers in order to gain the favor of their god. It was in the power of the principal chiefs to make a selection of any one they desired to offer up as a sacrifice. The victims usually selected were those who had no special work to perform, and who wandered over the country in an aimless way. Not until they would be struck down by some of the trusty servants of the chiefs, would they be aware of their having been selected. Captain Cook relates his having witnessed one of these human offerings when on his last visit to Tahiti in the year 1777. It was just before they engaged in a war with the people of the neighboring island "Eimeo," or as it is more modernly called "Morea," and it was on account of his being such a great friend to the king and his people, that he was permitted to see them participate in their heathenish customs. Four priests were at the altar going through their prayers and various ceremonies.

The victim was of course dead, but at various times bunches of his hair were plucked out; and after this his left eye was gouged out by a priest and brought to the king. The priest made a motion as if to pass the eye of the victim into the mouth of the king, and then return it, after which the king pronounced his body consumed by the "eatooa," or god. When asked their reason for presenting human sacrifices, the natives replied, saying that it was an old custom and was agreeable to their god, who came and fed upon the sacrifices;

in consequence of which he complied with their requests. When told that this could not very well be, as he was neither seen to do it, nor were the bodies of the animals quickly consumed; and that as to the human victim, they prevented his feeding on him, by burying his body in the "marae." In answer to these arguments they said he came in the night, but invisibly, and fed only on the soul or immaterial part, which, according to their doctrine, remains about the place of sacrifice, until the body of the victim is entirely decayed.

Many noted writers and travelers have thought this presenting of human sacrifice as a survival of cannibalism, but as to whether it is true or not is something which has not as yet been determined. The Tahitians themselves declare that they and their forefathers never were cannibals and there is nothing outside of what is mentioned above, which goes to show or tends to make a person believe that they ever were.

As to the discovery of Tahiti, history informs us that a Spaniard by the name of Pedro Fernandez de Quiros visited it as early as 1607. A great length of time after this, (1767,) Tahiti was visited by the Englishman Wallis, who took possession of it in the name of George III and named it after him. The year following the visit of Wallis there appeared on its shores a Frenchman by the name of Bougainville, who put a claim on it as French territory, and named it, La Nouvelle Cythere.

But the world knew little about it, or its people up to the time when Captain Cook visited it in 1769, 1773-4 and '77. The principal reason of Captain Cook being sent to the South Seas, by the Royal Society, was that he might properly make an observation of the transit of Venus over the disc of the

sun. Captain Wallis had, previous to his going on his trip of exploration, been recommended by the Earl of Morton, (then President of the Royal Society,) to fix upon a place where the observation might be accomplished. He decided that the island named by him as George's Island, (later called, "Otaheite,") would be a proper place, and accordingly reported it to the Society on his return to England, which happened just as Captain Cook and company were fitting out their 370 ton vessel, called the "Endeavour." Captain Cook and company left England's shores on the 30th of July 1768, and after short stops to get water, wood and provisions at the island of Madeira, the city of Rio De Janeiro, and the strait of Le Maire arrived in "Matavai," or Port Royal bay, Tahiti, on the 13th of April, 1769. A high point on the north of the island was selected as the most suitable place to take the observation, and here it was, that, on the 1st of May, the observatory was erected, and on the 3rd of June the transit of Venus successfully observed. The place was given the name of Point Venus, which it holds to this day, and upon it has been built a light-house which serves a noble purpose in warning the wary mariner, who beholds it in the night, of his near approach to the land which has been termed by travelers, as the "Queen of the Pacific."

Eugene M. Cannon.

THERE is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

. . . THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.**

IT is the "aim of" the Sunday School Union to give the Stake Superintendents and the teachers generally such instructions from time to time as may be necessary to promote the well-being of the schools. Elders George Goddard and Karl G. Maeser, as well as other members of the Board, visit the different schools and have opportunities of seeing defects, if any exist, and can point them out. It is very desirable that our Sunday Schools should adopt and maintain the best methods of conducting their exercises. There should be, as far as possible, uniformity in these methods. We should profit by experience, and we have had a long experience now, in the conducting of Sunday Schools in these valleys. With the advantages we possess we should have a model system of schools. There should scarcely be any limit to their usefulness and power for good. We have the truth and the authority to teach it. What a wonderful help we have in the Priesthood, and especially when with that, we have the Spirit of the Lord!

All who have witnessed the growth of our Sunday Schools and seen the results which have been wrought out by them must be impressed with their importance. If they are Latter-day Saints they must praise the Lord for helping His servants to introduce and make them so general as they have become. They became general none too soon.

The opponents of the Latter-day Saints, who have felt anxious to destroy their Church soon learned, after they came here as missionaries, that they had small chances of success in trying to draw away the grown up men and women from the faith. But they hoped to succeed with the children. And where they have induced children of Latter-day Saints to be pupils in their schools those children have grown up unbelievers in the Gospel.

Before these people had occupied much ground among us, our Sunday School system had become quite generally established. There was no need for the children of our Church to go elsewhere for Sunday School teaching. There was no pretext for sectarians to establish such schools in our settlements, or to charge that we neglected the children and did not furnish them religious instruction or Bible teaching.

If there were no Latter-day Saint Sunday Schools there is not a settlement in our country that would not have had a sectarian Sunday School in it. The consequences that would have followed can be easily imagined. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints would have received a severe blow. Let our children be weaned from the Gospel and what have we to look forward to? But, thank the Lord, He has blessed His servants in their labors in the Sunday School; and now nearly one hundred thousand children are taught the truth and made familiar with the principles of the Gospel—the plan of salvation. In this way these schools become safeguards against unbelief and error.

The plan of holding annual Sunday School conferences is an admirable one and tends to help the cause very much in every direction. These conferences

should be made as popular as possible, so as to cause every child in all the settlements to desire to be a member of the Sunday School.

This can best be done, so the members of the Sunday School Union Board feel,

By holding the first day's conference (Saturday) in one place or settlement and the second day's conference (Sunday) in another.

We feel sure the Stake Superintendents will see in this suggestion a means of reaching and interesting a greater number of teachers, pupils and parents.

Another suggestion in the same line, and from the same source, is, that on the days when these conferences are held, all the children in the settlement, and in the surrounding settlements, should be gathered, and, with their hymn books, be prepared for department or concert exercises. Need we say to Superintendents and teachers, in this connection, how important it is that the children should be ready punctually at 10 o'clock in the morning, and 2 o'clock in the afternoon?

It should be remembered that in these conferences congregational singing and concert recitations are very attractive and essential features, and should be fostered.

Whenever practicable also, either written or verbal reports should be presented by each school at these conferences.

Speaking of department exercises, it will be better to select a few of the most efficient pupils from each department for these exercises, and not have them longer than ten or fifteen minutes duration. It is suggested that two such exercises at each meeting can be given, beside one or two concert exercises, as

Articles of Faith, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, selections from the Savior's sermon on the mount, etc.

Another point that should be borne in mind in connection with these annual conferences is, that it is not necessary to close any Sunday School in the Stake on Sunday morning, except the one that furnishes the exercises.

In concluding these suggestions we recommend them to the consideration of superintendents and teachers in every Stake. Let us have uniformity throughout our schools. It is not proper or wise to multiply rules to burden or embarrass those in charge of schools. But there are certain common-sense methods which all can understand and act upon when aided by the Spirit of the Lord.

CARE IN TEACHING.

A style of teaching, which is not attended with good results has grown up in some of the Sunday Schools which the Deseret Sunday School Union has heard of, and which the Board thinks ought to be called to the attention of superintendents. It arises from an anxiety on the part of some who have charge of theological or other classes to contrast the opinions of the world with the doctrines of the Gospel. This is a good method of teaching if not carried too far. There are teachers, however, who explain the erroneous opinions and theories of prominent men concerning different points of the Gospel at such length and with such minuteness as to almost lead the pupils to think that they (the teachers) believe these false opinions to be more correct than the teachings of the Elders of our Church. Thus, not many Sundays ago, one teacher was giving a review of the ideas of certain scientific men concerning the deluge at

the time of Noah. There are scientific men who do not believe that this deluge was universal, for the reason, as they argue, that it is impossible for enough water to be found to cover the entire earth to the tops of the highest mountains; for, they ask, if such were the case, what became of the water when the deluge was ended? This was dwelt upon by this teacher with such detail and the arguments explained so fully that those who heard them went away with the idea that he had the same view, and that he desired to convey the idea that the deluge was only a partial one.

Now, this method of teaching is not attended with good effects. When teachers attempt to give the views of scientific men which are opposed to the records the Lord has given to us, they should be careful to clear them up and not leave the young people in doubt as to the doctrine or the points of history they may be dwelling upon.

It is sometimes the case, also, that the theories of those who believe in evolution in connection with the creation are set forth in a way to leave the young people in doubt as to what is correct. Great pains should be taken to avoid this.

The important point to keep in view always by Sunday School teachers is that the children shall get correct views concerning all these matters, that doubt may not be be-gotten in their minds. No doubt upon any of these questions should be permitted to enter, much less be instilled, into the minds of the children; and if a teacher in a theological class takes a course to awaken doubt upon these matters, he is unfitted for his position. Naturally the young people of our Church are without doubt, and it is very wrong to create it.

In doctrinal questions we are told the same fault can be found with some teachers. The doctrines of the apostate churches of Christendom are given so full an explanation and the true principles of the Gospel so briefly touched upon that injury rather than good is done. Probably this arises from the idea which the teachers may entertain that the students understand the principles of the Gospel. But this is not the case in every instance. Therefore, great pains should be taken not to dwell too much upon the untrue and set it forth with great minuteness to the neglect of the true as embodied in the principles of the Gospel. Teachers should not assume that the students whom they are teaching know as much as they do, because if they did they would not need to be taught.

MARTA'S CHRISTMAS.

"I WONDER, I do wonder what I am going to get for Christmas. Oh, mamma dear, don't cry. I love you so much, dear mamma." And the brave little comforter dried her mamma's tears which she knew were falling because her dear papa was dead.

"Now, mamma, I'll just write a long letter to dear old Santa Claus and tell him what I want, if you won't cry another speck."

"Santa wont bring us much this year, Marta darling," said the poor little mamma sadly. "But you'll be good and brave, wont you, pet, even if you don't get any presents?"

But Marta was sure that Santa Claus would not forget her this time, he never had, and she had seen four Christmas days already. She did not remember them all to be sure, but she still had the little gold ring with her name on it,

which he had brought her the first year, when she was only a tiny little baby in long clothes; and she remembered the last Christmas, and the grand old tree covered with lighted candles and bonbons and a jolly old Santa perched up

all alone so cold and still under the ground. The tears would come when she thought of him, and she climbed upon the broad window seat, so that she could look out over the frozen snow which glittered in the moon-light to the



on top, and the tea set, and the lovely doll dressed in pale blue silk which was for "papa's dear little treasure." Oh yes, she knew that she would not be forgotten this year although her dear papa was not here. And then she gave a little sob as she thought of him lying

place where his body was lying. She knew that he was not there for her mamma had told her all about it, how his body was dead, but his spirit, which was himself, had gone to Heaven because God needed him.

She really didn't mean to go to sleep,

for she had a long letter in her mind to write to Santa Claus; but somehow, as she sat there thinking and thinking she was sound asleep before she knew it. And then she had the most beautiful dream. She thought that she was walking with her papa through a lovely garden, and that he was well and happy.

"Marta," he said, "be a good girl and help mamma all you can."

And then her dream changed and it was Santa who was with her. She saw him plainly through the window, at least she dreamed she did you know, and his pack was loaded with goodies for her mamma and herself. So soundly was she sleeping that she did not waken when her grandma, who had just come on the train from her home to stay with them, kissed her softly and carried her off to her little bed.

The next morning was Christmas, and Marta waked up bright and early. Children always do on that day I think. Seeing a light in her mamma's room, she hopped out of bed and ran in there, and then what do you think she saw? A tiny baby boy curled up on mamma's arm! She was so surprised that she did not notice grandma nor anybody but that dear little baby.

"Oh mamma, is it ours?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, my darling, our little baby boy."

And then grandma lifted her up on the bed that she might see the little treasure.

"I am so glad," she said as she kissed his soft cheek. "I know that God sent him to us so that we would not feel so bad about papa."

Marta had still another surprise that happy Christmas day, besides grandma and the baby. Right early in the morning before she had even thought of looking to see if there was anything in her stocking, who should come rushing into

the house but her dear Uncle Jack, her papa's brother. He had been way off in Texas for nearly a year, and had come home just as soon as he heard of her papa's death, to take care of her, he said, as he hugged her close. And presents! Well, you just ought to have seen them!

"I met Santa out here as I came along, and he gave me these things for you and mamma," he said as he opened his great satchel for her to unpack.

"They are very nice," said Marta as she looked them all over, and tenderly petted a large blue eyed doll, "but I guess I'm gladder over our baby boy, and you and grandma than anything. This is the best Christmas I ever had, I think."

The whole day was happy for her.

She did not know that when her Uncle Jack stood by the window looking out over the snow for such a long time, that he was thinking of her papa, and trying hard to keep back the tears. She only knew that she loved him very much as he held her on his knee and they talked of her papa and Uncle Jack said he was going to try to be as good and kind to her and her mamma as his brother had been.

And so passed Marta's Christmas. Of course she missed her papa, but when she said her prayers that night after such a happy day, she thanked God for sending Uncle Jack and baby to take his place.

A wicked intention destroys the good which we do, and a good intention is not sufficient to excuse the evil which it produces.

GENIUS hears one individual and then comprehends ten.

CONSCIENCE warns us as a friend before it punishes as a judge.

CHILD LIFE IN HOLLAND.*

ROSY-CHEEKED, round-faced, fair-haired children of Holland. I hardly know whether to introduce you to this class in the winter or in the summer.

The spring and autumn I shall avoid, for then a great part of your kingdom is like a large lake or sea, dotted with little patches of marshy land, each of them just large enough to hold a wind-mill, a willow-tree, and a forlorn looking cottage, or a mound or two, to which you can fly for safety in the event of an inundation.

This is not cheerful-looking, and I should like my hearers to see you at your best in the summer time, perhaps, when you are sailing your mimic boats on the canals or ponds, or lakes; or when you are playing before your clean, red-tiled, green or blue shuttered cottages; or are wandering in the green meadows among the sleek black and white cattle; or are assembling on the pier of your native village to wash your pans, and jars, and dishes, and baskets, and await the arrival of the boats that bring you in stores of fish; or are sailing down the rivers on the rafts which have been your homes from birth. In winter, too, they would, I think, envy you when all your ponds and lakes and canals are covered with thick ice and you don your skates and skim swiftly along like so many water birds.

What fine fun to skate to school and back, to skate to market for apples and nuts, to skate in companies, consisting of five or six rows with five or six boys and girls in each row, all taking hands, to skate to a neighboring village or town, to skating matches, skating-games, skating clubs!

Yes! decidedly, Holland must be visited in the winter, and the "Vyver," the beautiful pond or lake in the center of the Hague, the wealthiest town in Holland—which is so lovely in summer when majestic swans are sailing on it, and many colored ducks and other water fowl are disporting themselves to their hearts content, is still lovelier when the trees around are laden with sparkling snow, and long icicles are hanging from rock and grotto, and court ladies in velvet and furs, and court gentlemen, and the children of wealthy citizens, and simple school-boys and school girls are all amusing themselves together on its polished surface. But before I begin to speak of girls and boys who are old enough to don skates, I must tell you something about the very young children and the babies of Holland, and especially of a singular and pretty custom observed throughout the country.

When the children of a family are told that they have a new brother or sister they are not always willing to welcome it as they should.

The youngest especially who has been "baby" hitherto feels rather aggrieved and considers the new-comer in the light of a usurper, who deserves to be pinched rather than kissed. Now the good parents of Holland, who are very fond of their children, and try to spare them all unnecessary pain, have hit upon an excellent plan to make baby welcome.

As he lies in his cradle, which is like the English one, they fill his little arms with trumpet-shaped bags brimfull of comfits, and these are distributed among the children as baby's presents.

Baby continues to present these tiny comfits—which the children eat on bread and butter, and are very fond of—for the space of six weeks, when he is

* An exercise presented before the Normal training class of the Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Utah October 14, 1896.

supposed to have established his right to exist.

Babies are dressed very much as in England, except that in some cases an old custom is adhered to of wrapping up their heads in three caps—one of cambric, another of silk, and a third of lace.

The christening always takes place on a Sunday, and is followed by a great dinner, to which all the relatives are invited.

Birthdays are always celebrated in Holland. Visits of congratulation are paid, presents and bouquets given, and if it be the birthday of father or mother, one of the children recites a piece of poetry, a copy of which, written on an elaborately ornamented piece of paper, is presented to the parents to keep.

As a rule, children dine with the parents, but they are never allowed to use a knife. They take the fork in their right hand, and are taught to rest the left hand on the table by the side of the plate.

What are the homes of the children of Holland like? I will describe a few.

The wealthy inhabitants of the Hague live in villas, mansions, or palaces, where all the luxuries and splendors of the East are collected.

They hold so called Indian festivals, at which houses and gardens are illuminated, rich Oriental draperies clothe walls and windows, massive gold and silver plate deck table and sideboard, all the guests appear in magnificent costume, diamonds and pearls, and immense vases are filled with a profusion of the loveliest flowers.

A very different home has the raftsman; and yet I doubt if it has not more charms for children than the wealthy mansions. The raftsman lives on his raft with wife and children.

The raft is composed of trunks of trees laid side by side. On these a pretty cottage of two stories is built, containing sitting-room and bed-rooms. The windows are curtained, the shutters are gaily painted, and there are even balconies around the cottage, full of plants and bright flowers. The raftsman's trade is to buy earthenware in Germany and sell it in his own country.

Children spend all their early life on these rafts, and pleasant it must be, as they float down through the prettily wooded districts in Belgium into flat Holland, where there is always something of interest for them—the storks they love so well, the delicate heron, the water-fowl, and the sea-birds, that fly in flocks far inland to take baths in the lake as a change from their wild ocean life.

Then there is the usual home of the Dutch peasant boy and girl. The kitchen is the principal room, and very comfortable it looks, with its red-brick floor strewn with fresh red sand, its brick hearth, its tiled walls, polished chairs and tables, and copper kettles and saucepans, as bright as scrubbing can make them. The Dutch are very clean, and are obliged to be so, for, in their damp country if they were not constantly rubbing and polishing rust and mould would take complete possession of their houses, their furniture, and all their cooking utensils. The cleanest village in the world is said to be Brook or Brock. There, as in all Holland, it is dangerous to walk in the streets on Saturday without an umbrella and thick clogs, however fine the day may be, for water is being squirted on the front of each house, and bucketsful are being poured out of each window, or are being dashed on steps and pavements; and the dairies and cow-houses, which are often

part of the dwelling houses, are being thoroughly cleaned, though they were as clean as a new pin before, and the wariest pedestrian will scarcely escape a drenching.

I rather pity the children of this village, for they are never allowed to come to the front of the house, for fear of soiling the steps or taking the polish off the railings, and their lives must be one perpetual washing day.

There are excellent and numerous schools in Holland, in fact every village, even the smallest has its neat, clean school house. There are primary schools, secondary schools, universities, military schools, and schools of design, painting and sculpture, and schools for the blind and the deaf and dumb.

In a country where so many artists have lived, art is of course thought much of. In many schools the children are allowed to draw pictures on their slates for one hour every day, and if a child show any talent he generally finds some one to help him on, or has sufficient perseverance to work his way to fame by his own efforts.

The dress of the Dutch boy and girl is very quaint and pretty. The girls wear gaily embroidered bodices, red skirts and buckled shoes, massive gold earrings, necklaces and other ornaments. When they grow older they wear a kind of gold or silver helmet, a lace cap on the top of that, and sometimes a bonnet besides.

The boys and men wear wide baggy trousers, reaching to the knee, black worsted stockings, buckled shoes, jackets trimmed with large coins, many of them of gold and silver, and small felt caps. Some of the childrens amusements are much the same as in our own country. On the Sunday before Whitsuntide they rise very early and the one

who is dressed first goes to the different bed-room doors, knocks and says or sings;

"Lazy Loon,
Sleepy head,
Lie a bed,
Don't get up till noon."

The last to rise in the house generally the father or mother, is expected to give every member of the house-hold a special kind of hot bun, which is always prepared in readiness.

Easter is celebrated by giving eggs, but the festival that all delight in the most is that of Santa Claus or St. Nicholas, the special patron saint of the children.

Santa Claus sends his presents done up in wonderful disguises, or hidden in a cabbage, turnips or pumpkins; or perhaps he will appear in person.

Then he is laden with toys of all descriptions.

While the children are gazing attentively at the toys and Santa Claus, papa in the background contrives unseen to throw bonbons into the air, which fall among the children and are supposed by them to descend from the skies.

Sometimes, if not satisfied, Santa Claus sends a rod instead of presents.

Hence the song that the children sing as they await to be admitted to the festal room.

"Look! the moon shines through the trees;
Children cease your noisy play,
The joyous moment has arrived,
St. Nicholas' happy, happy day.
With beating heart we wait to see
Who gets the cake and whose the rod will be."

Now and then, when the children are growing too old and wise to believe implicitly in Santa Claus the parents or elder brothers and sisters adopt means to revive their wavering faith.

They dress the coachman or gardner

in a white fur cloak and place him on a white pony. They give him a long flaxen beard and wig, and place a huge bishop's mitre on his head and an immense gilt cross on his breast.

Then they fill his arms with presents and instruct him to gallop round the house. The dogs begin to bark, the children rush to the windows and peep.

Well! after all, Santa Claus is Santa Claus, for there he is plainly visible in the moonlight, and best of all not empty handed.

Hurrah! for the presents, let them come from whom they will. The children are brave enough to go and receive their presents from Santa Claus himself, who bends gravely from the pony, and delivers them in silent dignity, but they do not trust themselves to stay near him too long.

Back they go to enter the enchanted room, to pick up the little figure of man or woman, who stands on the door mat, with suspiciously bulged out pockets, to search the said pockets, and the wide boots to dive into the crowns of the hats and bonnets, or carefully to examine the many other receptacles of Santa Claus' gifts.

Cora Alexander.

B. Y. ACADEMY, PROVO, UTAH.

WE all love those whom we benefit and, as soon as we find ourselves actually interested in benefiting humanity, our love for humanity begins to grow and develop. It is a sifting process, too; how much inferior and unfaithful work does it cast out! If we are laboring only for our own profit, we shall do more and no better than that seems to demand; but if we are also laboring for the welfare of man, we cannot do less than our best.

THE true way to deal with adverse circumstances is to be still greater circumstance yourself. Nine out of ten of the men who have been eminently successful in their callings have fought the battle of life up hill against many opposing forces. Instead of bemoaning their hard lot, they have bowed to the inevitable and used it to their advantage. Instead of asking for an impossible chess board, they have taken the one before them and played the game. Look at that tireless worker, Lord Brougham. Can any one believe that by any combination of circumstances his talents could have been kept from asserting themselves and winning recognition? It has been said that if his station had been that of a shoeblack he would never have rested content until he had become the first shoeblack in England. The luck of Napoleon and Nelson consisted, they said, in being a quarter of an hour before their time. When, in the darkest hour of an Indian mutiny, a handful of Englishmen, poorly armed and provisioned, but splendidly led, won eight victories in succession, the revolted Sepoys said their conquerors had the devil's luck; but the only luck in the case was that of force of will, invincible courage and skill in arms. Good luck is desirable even when you have done your best to succeed, but remember that the most favorable circumstances or strokes of fortune are of little value unless you have prepared yourself to take advantage of them.

It is faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at.

WE must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in others, whether friends or acquaintances.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A GRATIFYING IMPROVEMENT.

SINCE the admission of the State of Utah into the Union, and the election of the judiciary by the people, a noticeable and exceedingly gratifying change has taken place in one respect: the men who are summoned as jurors to try cases are of a class such as will give great satisfaction to the public generally, and especially to honest litigants and honest and conscientious lawyers. The object of a jury trial is to refer disputed facts to the impartial judgment of a few men of average understanding, and of nearly the same station in life as the litigants—men who understand the nature of the facts, and whose familiarity with public affairs and the transaction of business enables them to decide with an authority that cannot very well be questioned as to their view of the case.

Is it too much to say that in this country for years trials by jury had almost fallen into contempt? The qualifications of jurors have been too low. They have been in too many instances selected from a class of men almost devoid of conscience, and utterly indifferent to the rights of their fellow citizens. Many of the jurors have been men who had no interest in the country, and were prejudiced and ill-informed, and who had not those essential qualifications which would be likely to make verdicts acceptable to litigants or the public generally. Men's sense of justice has been shocked, and in too many instances outraged, by the verdicts of juries of this description. Trials by jury have sometimes been compared to a lottery, because of the capricious and wayward humors which have swayed jurors, or because of the jurors being obtuse and uneducated. Indirect, and perhaps direct, bribery has often

been suspected. At any rate, improper influences must have been brought to bear to have caused some verdicts to be rendered.

Trial by jury finds its strength in the honest and conscientious regard for truth and for right which jurors ought to possess. It appeals to our sense of fair-play; for it is not to be supposed that twelve honest men, capable of understanding the facts of a case, and sufficiently intelligent to see the bearings of evidence, will go far astray in the rendering of a verdict. And for the honor of our courts, and for the respect which every citizen ought to have for our legal tribunals, no pains should be spared to secure jurors of this character. I am greatly pleased now to see the names of men of high repute and strong character, men of known honesty and fairness, on the jury list. It is an assurance that cases submitted to the courts will receive proper attention and will be decided according to law and evidence. If mistakes shall be made, they will not be attributable to improper motives or improper influences. The character of our courts will be uplifted by the care that will be exhibited in the selection of citizens for jury service, and we shall be disappointed, should this practice be continued, if the credit of our courts is not greatly enhanced and their reputation for righteous judgment shall not become widespread.

We have in this country, I think, a very superior class of people for jury service. They are not confined to one religion, nor to one party; but can be found in all. Let there be no distinction made in the selection of jurors, using men of all religions and all parties, looking only to their fitness for the position, and we shall have juries that will be the admiration of all, and that

will give confidence to everybody whose case is submitted to them. Of all classes, the lawyers ought to be the most gratified, because if a lawyer is an honest man, all he can ask is that the jury will decide according to the evidence.

There has been reluctance on the part of many about serving on juries. It is a duty that many men would like to be excused from performing. But every citizen who takes any pride in the State and in its judiciary ought to take pleasure in attending to jury service when called upon.

The Editor.

FELICIA'S CHASTENING.

A Thanksgiving Story.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 665.)

"I'm 'fraid she ain't goin' to be here tonight, Miss Felicia."

"Nonsense, Martha! Letty is 'nt one to break her word in a case of this kind. She'll be here unless there's something happened—after my making a special point of it."

"Well, if that was 'nt the train whistle I heard a little while ago I'm losin' my hearing—that's sure. If it was earlier, now, it might have been Steven's planin' mill, but there ain't anything else round here to blow except that and the engine."

"You've been listening so hard you thought you heard it, Martha. I can't believe the train passed here without Letty. It would take something serious to have kept her, and if anything had happened she would have written or telegraphed."

"But Miss Felicia—"

"You may take Letty's supper and keep it warm in the oven for her," in-

terrupted Felicia calmly. "She will probably come home cold and hungry, and I don't want her to find it all spoilt."

"All right ma'am."

Martha had been in the service of the Warings since Felicia's childhood, and though her faithfulness through the period of their altered fortunes made them treat her ordinarily as one privileged—yet Felicia never failed to assume her air of superiority when Martha overstepped a certain limit of familiarity, a fact which only seemed to heighten the domestic's esteem and devotion for her mistress. For once, however, Martha was destined to be victor in the slight difference between them. Seven, eight, and nine o'clock struck from the clock on the mantel, and then Felicia came to the kitchen doorway with a verbal token of defeat.

"You may let the fire burn down, and go to bed, Martha, she won't be here now." Martha would have given much to discuss the probable cause of Letty's absence, but there was that in her mistress' face and manner which forbade conversation.

Few indeed could have sensed the disappointment occasioned Felicia by Letty's failure to keep her promise. In the three or four days of her absence, an oppressive loneliness had settled upon her, which even her usually firm will could not shake off, and she had looked for Letty's return as an antidote for certain unbearable regrets and misgivings that in her forced loneliness had found lodgement in her mind. Besides with her accustomed strength of purpose she had put aside Letty's suggestion as to the packing, and had taken down pictures and boxed all articles of furniture and tableware, so that the house partook of the desolate spirit of the mis-

tress. It had seemed to her since morning that she would become hysterical with nervousness before the time of Letty's coming—and her non-appearance at last came as something in the light of an affliction. Another dreary and dreadful day at least was to be endured before she might have the comfort of congenial companionship—and this day a holiday. Even Martha would not be with her tomorrow. In view of Letty's home-coming she had given permission to the faithful woman to spend the holiday with her sister—so that until train time at least, she would be totally alone.

As she rose the next morning after an almost sleepless night, she was half tempted to remand her permission, and ask Martha to give up the promised visit. As she entered the kitchen, Martha herself broached the subject uppermost in her mind.

"I guess, Miss Felicia, as long as Miss Letty didn't come I'd better go and tell Ellen I won't be over today. It would be terrible lonely for you all by yourself in this big bare place and Thanksgiving day, too, and almost the last day you'll spend here. You'd be about crazy 'fore night to be left all alone." Alas! poor Martha! If she had but left out the pity and commiseration in her tone and words, all would have been well. Well meant indeed her offer, and uttered in true kindness of heart, but the words and tone were torch and tinder to Felicia's pride and she rejected the offer with a serenity that misled even the watchful Martha.

"There's no need of your breaking your enjoyment, Martha, Letty will doubtless be here in time for dinner, and I shouldn't think of keeping you."

"But land alive, Miss Felicia! If Miss Letty shouldn't come, think of your eating your Thanksgiving dinner

all alone, and in this great dismal house." Martha spoke with the fervor of long pent up feeling, and for once Felicia did not give her usual stately reprimand.

"My having no word from Letty makes me certain she will come today," she said conclusively. "She probably missed the train last night and has made up her mind to save the expense of a telegram—and get here in time for dinner today. We'll say nothing more about it now, Martha. Get everything ready that you can for dinner and then go and have a pleasant day with your sister."

There was no rebelling against Felicia's spoken word; but Martha went to her tasks dubiously thinking of Letty's view of the case when she should hear of it. By ten o'clock she had all done that had been assigned her and went away with a vision of her mistress sitting with forced smile amidst the dismal loneliness of her dismantled room.

Alas for poor Felicia! Forced indeed were the signs of cheer she had flaunted for Martha's observance. The fact was that the burden of trial she was bearing had moved her as she had little thought to be moved. It was not strange, however, that the event which had loomed as a possible occurrence fifteen years had come to be viewed finally as something that might be postponed indefinitely to the end of time. In the few days that had passed since the step was taken that was to separate her from all her familiar bearings thoughts had come to her that had never found place in her mind before. For the first time in her life doubts had arisen of the wisdom and justice of her stand concerning the momentous events of her past. That she had acted with perfect righteousness in all those things, had been

hitherto as much of a faith^y with her as the articles of her religion. Letty's absence had given her opportunity^y to brood over many things—and it was little wonder that she waited the coming of that bright young presence as a corrective to her own morbid thoughts with almost childish eagerness. And here was another dreary day to plod through with absolute loneliness to add to her depression.

After Martha went she tried to keep off her gloomy thoughts by going about picking out the odds and ends that remained to be packed for moving. It did not take long; and the book she afterward took up for entertainment, could not hold her thoughts, though she turned the pages steadily for a good hour.

About noon it began to snow—a wet, sleety sort of hail that made one shiver to see it even from the vantage of a warm fireside. Felicia sat close to the fire forcing her eyes to follow the lines of the book; but between those printed ones were others that pushed themselves upon her attention, though they were not in visible type.

They reminded her that the roof under which she sat was hers no longer; and that when once the stranger's footsteps had crossed the threshold, her inheritance would pass from her, and be lost to her more completely than if death had taken her from it. They set before her a vivid picture of the cheerless life in store for her when she should go out into a strange world to live to helpless old womanhood—a dependent upon Letty's charity for support. Strive as she might to justify herself with the old assurance—above it all there came a baffled sense of error, mistake, nay even self-guiltiness in the acts that had led to the absolute spoiling of her life.

Four o'clock came, and the gray light deepened into a gloom that brought ghostly shadows into the corners of the bare room. It was too early yet for a light, and too soon to go about dinner—and Felicia could only put her book aside and wait in grim desperation for the time to pass that might bring her relief. At five o'clock she rose with relief to make preparations for dinner. At half-past six Letty would come, and there was just time to get the duck well baked, and the plum pudding boiled in time for their Thanksgiving dinner. Her work gave her a brief respite from her torturing thought, and as the clock struck the hour when the train was due, she listened for the whistle with as much anxiety as if some great crisis were at hand. Poor Felicia! her cup was to be indeed full to overflowing. She waited an hour after the train whistle sounded before quite giving up hope that Letty might appear, then she left her place by the window and went into the kitchen, where their dinner ready-prepared, smoked in the oven. With a half-mocking smile on her face she set it on the table. Her disappointment had come as a climax to a day made almost maddening by dreary influences—and she set her lips firmly to spare herself the humiliation of tears.

Laying her plate warm from the oven at her accustomed place, Felicia sat down at the table. Her Thanksgiving dinner! Yes—it was Thanksgiving day—a day that from the first memories of her childhood had been observed with prayers of thanksgiving for the blessings of life. But how absolute a mockery for her to pray now. Alone, homeless, friendless, save for her one relative upon whom she must henceforth be beholden for her livelihood—what had she to give thanks for? And Letty! her

insatiate fetich of selfish pride and revenge. No; thank heaven it was not too late to spare herself that remorse. She could undo at least that part of her evil work.

Poor Felicia! she was praying now with tears streaming down her pale cheeks. "Oh God, grant that I may undo some portion of my wrong. Grant that I may not suffer the burden of sin of spoiling other lives than mine and that of Roscoe Stacy's and that I may have power in some way to wipe out the wrong that has wrecked his and mine!"

The dinner was cooling on the table, but Felicia did not heed it.

There was but one thing in her mind now—to think of some way by which she might atone for the wrongs she had willfully committed—and which in these days of loneliness and trial had been brought clearly home to her for the first time. It surely would not be too late to reunite the young people her selfishness had separated. When she was calmer she would pen a letter that should do all that human will could do to make all right.

And as for Roscoe Stacy—ah! what could be done to wipe out that wrong? Nothing that she could do now could cancel that. Too late to make amends for slights she had put upon his love in that far away time—and later upon the manly courtesy and sympathy that had tried even after all her coldness, to do her good by sparing her the roof that would at least be a refuge for her lonely life. And then what was worse than all—his loveless marriage. There was no thought of possible mistake to give her comfort in this. Had it not been a part of her revenge to remember his last words when they separated after that stormy interview: "Since you are evi-

dently in deep earnest I shall have to abide by your decision, but I accept it knowing that I can never give to any other woman the reverence and love I have given to you." And it had been true. She knew it even when he had married—for she understood him too well to doubt that he could put aside lightly the first love that had wakened his heart. She knew it when he came back a widower, and tried in his generous way to let her see that there was still no malice in his heart for her cruelty. After that there came her father's troubles, and the bitter doubt and suspicion that had shut out her conviction and trust in the unselfishness of his motives.

Since her cutting refusal of his last magnanimous offer they had not spoken.

Oh if she had only listened then—it was not too late to have been reconciled—and she had let her insane pride hold this cup of happiness from her lips. Now an impassable barrier was raised between them that could not be broken except by miracle—and miracles were uncommon occurrences in most lives. A sudden thought came to her. One thing at least she could do in way of atonement. She could go to him—humble herself before him—and ask him to forgive the pride that had insulted his generous acts. He could not question her motive now since all reward or recompense was beyond recall—and having done it she could at least feel that some little atonement had been made for her past wrongs.

She went into the bedroom and hastily put on her shawl and hat. Then she blew the light out, and fastened the hall door after her and went out into the night.

The fire was burning brightly enough in Roscoe Stacy's study—and everything else about betokening peace, good-liv-

ing, and good cheer. The man himself, however, was moving about as restlessly as Felicia had done throughout that dreary afternoon. He was pacing the floor, glancing every now and then at the clock with an impatient air, and turned towards the door with anxious eagerness as his housekeeper entered.

"Any signs of Charles yet, Mrs. Garritt? No? Well I don't know that its worth while to wait any longer. Just put dinner on the table and let the young laggard take his chances if he should come. Its two hours past train-time, and if anything happened to detain him he should have telegraphed."

"I'm really afraid everything will be spoiled, Mr. Stacy, but then it does seem a shame to eat without Mr. Charlie. Its so lonesome too, to sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner alone."

"I fear I'm destined to eat more holiday dinners alone than I shall eat with company," the Colonel said with a sigh.

"Anyway it wont do to have your dinner spoiled, Mrs. Garritt. Take it up, and save some warm for Charles in case he should turn up at last."

She went out and the Colonel resumed his restless pacing. He had hardly done so when the sound of footsteps on the porch outside reached him through the hallway.

"Charlie—and at the nick of time—by Jove!" he exclaimed joyfully. He went to the front door and threw it open with a hearty greeting on his lips that merged into an abrupt exclamation as he looked out.

"Felicia! Miss Waring!"

Yes, it was she standing with humbly appealing eyes looking up into his face.

The wind had brought a warm color into her cheeks and blown her hair down low about her forehead, giving her a look of girlish prettiness—such as had

won his heart in years gone by—and the sight of her standing at his threshold with a light in her eyes that made them seem soft and loving as they had shone in bygone days set his heart to beating wildly. His astonishment kept him dumb for an instant, and she was the first to speak.

"May I come in, Colonel Stacy? I have something I wish to say to you."

Laying his hand on her shoulder with gentle courtesy the Colonel drew her in to the house.

How it was uttered Felicia never knew; but she did not pause till she had expressed the contrition of a humbly repentant woman for her past error.

"I have realized lately for the first time, that I have sacrificed my dignity and happiness to a mistaken idea of wrong," she said in conclusion, "and I cannot as a Christian, and a true woman rest satisfied till I have asked you to forgive me"

The Colonel reached forth and grasped her hand.

"I have felt always that there must have been some miserable misunderstanding that forced you into a continued antagonism to me," he said in answer. "After I had expiated my first offense, there seemed to me no cause for which you might not accept my friendship. But this revelation of your father's words explains all. As for the truth of them God knows I am innocent."

"I have wronged you by my suspicions of unjust motives," interrupted Felicia, "but I do not need your denial to convince me that both my father and myself were in error. I have deserved the punishment I have brought on myself for that, I have deserved the suffering I have endured for believing you false in the beginning."

"Suffering! Felicia?" stammered the

Colonel. "You mean then that—that you, too, felt our estrangement—?"

"I mean that I have never had a moments peace since I rejected your efforts to be reconciled." Felicia said simply—looking quietly into his eyes. "I have tried to fool myself into the belief that I was better off without you, but I know now that I have lived in the belief of a miserable lie."

"Felicia," said the Colonel in almost a whisper, "do you mean to tell me that there is any hope that you—"

"I mean to say that if it were not too late for me to expect or deserve any happiness, I would ask you to let me take back what I said to you before you went away first, and give me the chance of atoning for my miserable pride."

* * * * *

"Father!"

"Aunt Felicia!"

It was a half hour later and the door had opened without disturbing the two reunited lovers sitting near the open grate—lost to outward sense in their joy of reconciliation and rehearsal of bright plans for the future.

Letty and Charles were standing in the doorway—and the four gazed at each other a moment in mutual amazement at the situation.

It did not take either side long to realize the truth, and there was such a handshaking and embracing as made the very room itself exhale an atmosphere of amity and good cheer.

"To think, Aunt Felicia" said Letty joyfully, "that I came home dreading that you would cast me off as a common enemy—and now."

"How has this luck all come about anyway," asked Charlie gleefully.

"You have forestalled a question I was about to put to you," said the Colonel.

"Our good fortune came about by Charlie saving my life," Letty volunteered. "I couldn't refuse what he'd risked his own life to save. I was going to come home and lay the matter before you, Aunt Felicia," she went on incoherently, but my missing the train Wednesday night simply put the affair into Charlie's hands."

"She is responsible for all that has happened" said Charlie with a twinkling eye. "It came through her insisting on having me drive her home this morning in a sleigh and—"

"I remembered my promise to you Aunt Felicia! and was determined to keep it."

"And about forty miles out we were tipped over and the sleigh being broken I thought it a good way to pass the time to take steps for putting us both out of our misery of suspense. You see Aunt Felicia I'm going to tell you that now neither of us felt quite sure of the other as yet—and I hunted up a justice of the peace in the little town near by, and settled the whole affair in a nutshell. That's how we came to be so late."

"That reminds me there's a good dinner spoiling out there," exclaimed the Colonel. "I told Mrs. Garritt to take it up a half hour ago."

"I saw you had company, sir, and I put it back on the stove. Its all piping hot on the table now if you're ready."

Mrs. Garritt had been standing in the doorway for five minutes vainly trying to catch the Colonel's eye.

"I guess we are all ready," said the Colonel.

It was a generous sight that met the four as they went into the cosy, brightly lit dining-room. A table laid with exquisite napery and table ware—with every luxury in the way of edibles that a Thanksgiving dinner might possibly

suggest was there to tempt their long feasting. As they sat down at the table the Colonel paused and reverently bowed his head; and when his simple and fervent prayer of thanksgiving was ended, there were tears in all eyes in a moment of thrilled silence falling upon each one in the room.

"There is only one thing left of my misdoings to mar my happiness," said Felicia presently "and I should endure it gratefully if it were not that it has wronged another."

"As for your selling the house, Aunt Felicia," said the clever Letty brightly, "Charlie had a talk with the man that bought it, in Boston, and he's willing to throw up the sale if you're willing."

Again there was a silence—for though none but Felicia cried—each knew that a feeling of absolute humility and thanksgiving had broken down all that had been harsh and forbidding in Felicia's nature—and that the gentle influences of love and forgiveness had renewed her heart—even unto "newness of life."

J. S.

TAKE COURAGE.

TAKE courage, brother, cease your sad repining
When life seems dark and drear;
From out the cloud the sun will soon be shining
And scatter warmth and cheer.

Our rankest troubles are the ones we borrow
From some portentous woe,
Which fancy weaves to yield the bosom sorrow
When pleasure it should know.

Our flitting shadows, by the moon reflected,
That startle us with fear,
Are types of things that leave the soul dejected
When naught to harm is near.

We need the gift of hope to meet our trouble
With patient fortitude,
That we may leave the ordeal strengthened double
For feats of greater good.

God gave us leave to come to this probation
And tests us that we may
Be fit for conquest here, and exaltation
Throughout eternal day.

Sordid is he whose purpose shifts and flutters
Like thing on yonder spire.
His chauce, be what it may, it little matters
His feet will reach the mire.

Man must be subject here to circumstances,
We hear the laggard say;
But onward is the motto, truth advances
And naught must bar the way.

Then let us seek by every power decreed us
Complete success to win,
And let no gloomy, subtle influence lead us
Where lurk the traps of sin.

To know truth will prevail, as God hath spoken,
Is half the battle won;
But Satan's ranks must be assailed and broken
By deeds of valor done.

J. C.

HOW FRANK WENT TO COLLEGE.

"I AM afraid that you can't go to college, Frank. I wish that you could, but you can't very well leave the farm, and, besides, we haven't any money to spend, even in such a good investment as an education for you would prove to be."

Frank laid down his "Euclid" with a sigh. "I wish I could go, mother," he said, "but I suppose it is as you say. You know my ambition is to become a physician. I would be only three years at the medical college, and then I should be able to practice and make more than I ever could by farming."

"Yes, I know; but we cannot afford it, my boy. Even with the strictest economy it would cost at least twelve hundred dollars, and you know that we own nothing in the world but the farm, which barely suffices to support us, and leaves us not a cent to spare for any luxury."

"Very well then, mother. I shall say no more about it. I really don't care so much to be a doctor after all. I believe I had much rather stay at home and help you to support Mary and Arthur."

life too was to be blighted to gratify this

Frank's mother looked at him anxiously. She knew that her boy's heart was set upon going to a medical college, and although he tried hard not to show his disappointment, she read it in his face at a single glance.

"My dear boy," she said, "you know I will do all I can for you, and I feel that it is very hard for you to have to abandon your career. Still we ought to feel thankful that we have this little house and farm, and that while there are thousands suffering for the necessities of life, we are at least comfortable."

"I am deeply thankful, mother dear," Frank replied, simply.

The next morning Mrs. Willard received a letter. Frank watched her as she read it at the breakfast table, and he saw a troubled look creep over her face. He made no remark at the time, but waited until the younger children had left the room.

"Frank," his mother said, when they were alone, "I have a bill from Johnson and Johnson, the dealers in farm implements, for twelve dollars for a plow, which they say was bought three years ago by your father. I am sure that we have already paid the debt."

"Yes," Frank replied, "I remember that father bought a money order for the amount about two weeks before he died."

"Well, see if you can find the receipted bill among the old papers in his desk."

Frank searched the desk thoroughly, but in vain. Looking up, he said:

"Mother, I think it must be with the papers that we stowed away in the attic. I'll go up there and see if I can find it."

Frank climbed up to the attic, a large, unplastered room under the eaves, seldom used, in which were stored all the old things no longer of any use, but with which they did not like to part.

Here was an old stove, there a chair, both so badly broken that they defied repair, while many other household relics were scattered over the floor.

The boy opened an old trunk in which scores of family letters were stored away. There were letters from his father to his mother, and *vice versa*; letters which he had written himself, as well as others from numerous correspondents of the family.

In a few minutes Frank found the receipt for which he was looking, and he at once went down stairs and handed it to his mother, who immediately wrote a letter to the firm, giving the date upon which payment was made.

Meanwhile, Frank got out his books and commenced to study. It was winter time, and there was little work to be done on the farm. Just at the moment when he was endeavoring to translate a Latin formula, his younger brother, Arthur, came running into the room.

"Oh, say, mamma, I am going to collect stamps," he exclaimed. "I know a boy who is doing it, and he has a valuable collection. I intend to make one, too. Have you any old stamps, mamma?" "Yes my boy; there are plenty of them in the garret" his mother replied. "Are old postage stamps worth anything?" Frank asked looking up from his book.

"Yes indeed!" Arthur replied. "Tom Lane says there is an old United States stamp that is worth two thousand dollars."

"You don't mean it!" Frank cried. "Then we must have some rare stamps in the old trunk in the attic. I saw a great many strange-looking ones while I was hunting for the receipt. Let's go and see what we can find."

His mother smiled at his enthusiasm not thinking much of the value of old stamps, but the boys ran eagerly up to

the attic and were soon busily engaged in turning over the mass of papers in the trunk.

Finally they collected about two hundred of the letters with the most ancient-looking stamps, and selected one of each kind. Then they carried their booty down stairs.

"Do you expect to get anything for those old stamps?" Mrs. Willard asked, with a smile.

"Yes," both the boys replied.

"And to whom do you expect to sell them?"

That was a question which set them both thinking.

"I'll go and ask Tom Lane," Frank finally decided.

Snatching up his hat, he rushed out, and returned a few minutes later with the stamp collector in tow. Then the stamps were submitted to Tom as an expert. The first dozen or so that he examined proved to be worthless. Then his eyes opened wide with surprise as he held up to view an envelope on which was a small stamp on buff paper, bearing a signature.

"That's worth two hundred dollars! Its a Brattleboro stamp!" he cried. "I read all about it in a paper."

Mrs. Willard looked incredulous, but Tom persisted. He also picked out other stamps which he said were worth several dollars each.

That night a family council was held, at which it was decided that Frank should go to Chicago and see a stamp dealer.

When the boy reached the city, he hunted up a stamp dealer and told his story, submitting the Brattleboro stamp as evidence. Then he asked the dealer how much he would give him for all the stamps. The dealer told him that he could not name a price until he had seen the

collection. Finally, at Frank's solicitation, he consented to send one of his men to Marshall, where the Willards lived, and the next morning Frank went home with the dealer's assistant.

The man opened the trunk and examined the contents, in which he found a number of early issues of United States stamps, used sixty or seventy years ago. There were no more Brattleboro stamps, but there were a number of rare locals, and finally the dealer offered Mrs. Willard two thousand dollars for the lot.

"It is," the collector said, "of course much less than we shall sell them for; but we take all the risk of disposing of them to those who want them."

Mrs. Willard was greatly surprised, and she immediately agreed to take the price offered. Seeing her surprise, the dealer explained to her that before the government issued stamps, various stamps were issued by private firms in payment of postage. A number of letters bearing these stamps, and addressed to Frank's grandfather, were in the trunk.

The next day the dealer and Frank went to Chicago, taking with them the stamps on the envelopes. When Frank returned, he brought "with him" two thousand dollars in bills, which he laid in his mother's lap.

"Now, my boy," said Mrs. Willard, "I think you can go to the medical college and become a physician."

So Frank went to college. He has not yet graduated, as all this only happened two years ago, but he expects to get his degree soon, and his teachers are confident that a great future is before him. If it should prove that they are true prophets, he will owe his success in life to old postage stamps.

H. Alan Clark.

A LITTLE SINNER.

A LITTLE girl, probably about thirteen years old, with a freckled face and head covered with a shock of red hair stood at a bend in the country road, near a village in Denmark; staring open-mouthed at a commodious looking brick farm house on the opposite side of the street.

"I wonder if that's the place?" she muttered at last, as with a long stick she tested the depth of the mud, for it was in the rainy season of the year. She then began to move cautiously across the road, now and then leaping to a rock, where she stood balancing herself until she nearly fell headlong into the deepest mud, her features distorted with suppressed merriment.

Having reached the other side, she licked her fingers and smoothed the straggling red locks flat against her temples under the shabby hood.

"There wont be much fun here," she concluded inwardly, after surveying the premises critically. "Its too straight and clean-looking; and the folks is such dreadful saints. Wonder what they'll do with a sinner like me?"

She shook off her muddy cloggs outside the door, and rapped timidly.

Someone said, "Come in," and the girl entered.

The room was a big kitchen, with tile-covered floor, and an old-fashioned fire-place, where a middle-aged woman with a kindly face stood frying doughnuts.

On a low bench sat a girl working some beautiful looking yellow butter.

The elder woman turned fork in hand, and looked at the new-comer.

"Oh, you're the little girl from the poor house?"

"Yes'm"

"Well, come nearer, and let me look at you."

The child obeyed.

"Well, you're a real nice-looking girl, and I guess we'll like each other."

The child looked up in surprise. It was the first time anyone had ever called her nice-looking.

"What's your name?" continued the good woman.

"Birgitte."

"Take off your shawl and hood, Birgitte, and come here and warm your hands."

It was Christmas Eve, and the weather was raw and cold.

Birgitte warmed her hands and eyed the fragrant doughnuts greedily.

"You can take one," said the woman.

Birgitte helped herself to the biggest one she could find, and then asked what she was to call her new mistress.

"You can call me Mother Maren."

After a while Mother Maren dropped the last dough in the frying lard and bid Birgitte watch and turn them while she went into the other room to set the table.

Eager to show her willingness Birgitte scrambled awkwardly across the floor in such haste that she fell over the cat, which fled in terror to the next room. The servant girl giggled, but Mother Maren pretended she had not seen it, and went about her work.

Birgitte finished the cakes and laid them with the rest. Then, hearing Mother Maren humming at a safe distance, and seeing the girl busy with her back turned, she took three large doughnuts and hurriedly concealed them in her pocket.

When the table was ready the girl was sent out to call in the men; as it was a half holiday they had an early supper and Birgitte was invited to the table with the rest.

The farmer, a fat, good-natured man,

with a sunny face, asked a blessing on the food, and then everybody was helped to whatever the table afforded, and Birgitte soon discovered that she had got into "a mighty jolly place," as she mentally expressed it, where she was not likely to have to go hungry, as she had often done in the poor house.

After supper the women brought their spinning-wheels out and the men folks sat smoking their pipes and talked about the crops while Birgitte for want of something better to do, sat trying to count the ticks of the clock.

When nine o'clock struck, the farmer knocked the ashes out of his pipe, got down the big Bible from the shelf over head and invited them all up to the bedroom, where a cosy fire burned, and began reading from the scriptures. The hired man remained standing inside the door, one grey stocking foot placed on top of the other; Mother Maren, with hands folded in her lap sat rocking herself gently to and fro, as a kind of accompaniment to her husband's monotonous way of reading. The hired girl sat knitting on a low stool listening very attentively; and Birgitte with one hand in her pocket, half sat on the edge of a big covered trunk; saying to herself "Oh my, what holy people!"

But when the chapter was read and the farmer, spreading his colored handkerchief on the sand-strewn floor and kneeling down on it, invited the others to kneel also, Birgitte nearly fainted. She had never in her life seen anyone pray, much less done it herself. Mother Maren beckoned to her, but she shook her head, and remained where she was.

"Here's your bed Birgitte," said Mother Maren afterwards, pointing to a turn-up bedstead in the living room. And opening a corner-cupboard she took out a handful of knick knacks and

gave her. That nearly finished poor Birgitte.

After they had all gone to bed, she undressed and sat with her bare feet on the cold floor thinking how she could right her wrong.

When she heard the farmer breath heavily in the other room, she made her way carefully to the cupboard and put back the three doughnuts, now pretty well out of shape, with half of the knick knacks.

"She wouldn't 'a given 'em to me if she'd known I stole some," she murmured shutting the door carefully. Then drawing a sigh of relief she dropped on her knees and whispered: "Oh Lord! I don't know how to pray; but I couldn't do it before wi' them doughnuts on my cons'ence. So'll you'll forgive me I wont steal anything anymore. An' bless these good folks an' make me a saint like 'em an' le' me stay here forever." She got up, but remembering she had not ended like the farmer did, she dropped down again and said solemnly: "Amen in Jesus' name." Then she crept shivering with cold feet, but warm at heart, into her bed.

Sophy Valentine.

EVERY man, every woman, every child has some talent, some power, some opportunity of getting good and doing good. Each day offers some occasion for using this talent. As we use it, it gradually increases, improves, becomes native to the character. As we neglect it, it dwindles, withers, and disappears. This is the stern but benign law by which we live. This makes character real and enduring; this makes progress possible; this turns men into angels and virtue into goodness.

LIFE OF DAVID W. PATTEN.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 703.)

It was now concluded that the mob must have camped at the ford below on Crooked River, and after a short exhortation from Captain Patten to trust in the Lord for victory, a march was ordered along the road to that point. As the party neared the river in the early morning just at day-break, a voice was heard calling, "Who comes there," and at the same instant a shot was fired when a young man, P. O. Banion, reeled and fell from the ranks, mortally wounded. Captain Patten at once ordered a charge and the company rushed forward only to see the two men, who had been on guard, running into the camp of the enemy on the river bank below. Immediately all was confusion in the camp, but it was still so dark that nothing could be seen with distinctness by the brethren looking to the west, while their forms could be clearly outlined in the eastern light by the mob, who were soon in position behind the river bank below. David had just ranged his company in line, not more than fifty yards from the camp, when a deadly fire was opened upon them from behind the embankment. An answering fire was immediately ordered and with the watch word "God and liberty," on his lips, David, ordering a charge, ran forward.

The mob fled in confusion before the rush that followed and the field was quickly won; but as David led the pursuit down the river bank, a mobber who had taken refuge behind a tree for a momentary pause before taking to the river, turned and shot him in the abdomen.

The mob routed, his brethren gathered about their wounded leader in deepest sorrow, and everything possible was

done to minister to his comfort. Word was dispatched to Far West for medical assistance to meet the party, the wagons of the mob were pressed into service, and the victorious but sorrow-stricken company took up their dreary march toward Far West. Seven of the brethren were wounded, and one, Gideon Carter, had been killed outright.

After riding a few miles in a wagon, David's suffering became so intense he was placed on a litter and carried by his brethren.

Without delay, on receiving the mournful intelligence, the Prophet Joseph Smith with his brother Hyrum, Apostles Heber C. Kimball and Amasa Lyman, with others, as also David's grief stricken wife, made all haste to meet the sorrowful cavalcade.

President Heber C. Kimball describes the closing scene:

"Immediately on receiving the intelligence that Brother Patten was wounded, I hastened to see him and found him in great pain, but still he was glad to see me; he was conveyed about four miles to the house of Brother Stephen Winchester; during his removal his sufferings were so excruciating that he frequently desired us to lay him down that he might die; but being desirous to get him out of the reach of the mob, we prevailed upon him to let us carry him among his friends. We carried him on a kind of bier, fixed up from poles.

"Although he had medical assistance, his wound was such that there was no hope entertained of his recovery, and this he was perfectly aware of. In this situation, while the shades of time were lowering, and eternity with all its realities opening to his view, he bore a strong testimony to the truth of the work of the Lord, and the religion he

had espoused. He was perfectly sensible and collected until he breathed his last, which occurred at about ten o'clock in the evening. Stephen Winchester, Brother Patten's wife, Bathsheba W. Bigler, with several of her father's family were present at David's death.

"The principles of the Gospel which were so precious to him before, afforded him that support and consolation at the time of his departure, which deprived death of its sting and horror. Speaking of those who had fallen from their steadfastness he exclaimed, 'O that they were in my situation! For I feel that I have kept the faith, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me.' Speaking to his beloved wife, he said, 'Whatever you do else, O do not deny the faith.' He all the time expressed a great desire to depart. I said to him 'Brother David, when you get home, I want you to remember me.' He replied, 'I will.' At this time his sight was gone. A few minutes before he died, he prayed as follows, 'Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, that Thou wouldst release my spirit, and receive it unto Thyself.' And he then said to those who surrounded his dying bed, 'Brethren, you have held me by your faith, but do give me up, and let me go, I beseech you.' We accordingly committed him to God, and he soon breathed his last, and slept in Jesus without a groan.

"This was the death of one who was an honor to the Church and a blessing to the Saints; and whose faith, virtues and diligence in the cause of truth will be had in remembrance by the Church of Jesus Christ from generation to generation. It was a painful way to be deprived of the labors of this worthy

servant of Christ, and it cast a gloom upon the Saints; yet the glorious and sealing testimony which he bore of his acceptance with heaven and the truth of the Gospel was a matter of joy and satisfaction, not only to his immediate friends, but to the Saints at large."

Of the death of his friend, President Wilford Woodruff writes:

"Thus fell the noble David W. Patten as a martyr for the cause of God and he will receive a martyr's crown. He was valiant in the testimony of Jesus Christ while he lived upon the earth. He was a man of great faith and the power of God was with him. He was brave to a fault, even too brave to be preserved. He apparently had no fear of man about him.

"Many of the sick were healed and devils cast out under his administration."

In closing his account of the tragedy, the Prophet Joseph says:

"Brother David W. Patten was a very worthy man, beloved by all good men who knew him. He was one of the Twelve Apostles, and died as he lived, a man of God, and strong in the faith of a glorious resurrection, in a world where mobs will have no power or place."

With David's wish, formerly expressed to him, to die as a martyr, no doubt in mind, the Prophet Joseph, at the funeral on October 27, 1838, pointing to his lifeless body, testified:

"There lies a man that has done just as he said he would—he has laid down his life for his friends."

And One mightier has said:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

A fit ending of a glorious career!

The remains were laid to rest with

military honors at Far West, and the grave is now unmarked and unknown, but of the noble spirit, the Lord, in a revelation a few years subsequent to his departure, vouchsafed this intelligence:

"David Patten I have taken unto myself; behold, his Priesthood no man taketh from him; but verily I say unto you, another may be appointed unto the same calling."

And again, in speaking of Lyman Wight, who succeeded David in the Apostleship, the Lord says:

"That when he shall finish his work, that I may receive him unto myself, even as I did my servant David Patten, who is with me at this time."

If, then, to repeat, we say great men are the Lord's object lessons to the world by whom He holds out to mankind the truths committed to their generation, what of the life before us?

From the time David heard the Gospel, his earnest nature entered with full purpose of heart upon the work he was sent from the courts on high to perform, his whole soul was given over to faithfully bearing the message of his life:

GOD GIVES US ALL THE POWER WE HAVE, and though in the one desire to give his life as a martyr, it may be said he fell short of the ideal:

THY WILL NOT MINE BE DONE;
yet, without doubt, in making up the roll of His noble and great ones, time will place next to those of the Prophet and Patriarch martyrs, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the name of the first Apostolic martyr, David W. Patten.

Lycurgus A. Wilson.

[NOTE.—Anyone having further information of the life of Apostle David W. Patten will confer a great favor by communicating with the author at the Salt Lake Temple.]

LONG AGO.

I ONCE knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every flower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads and bees,
I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe—
O, I was very learned then,
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where checkerberries could be found;
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot,
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet, here's this youngster at my knee,
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain
Of whatso'er the Fates decree;
Yet were not wishes all in vain,
I told you what my wish should be:
I'd wish to be a boy again,
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, O! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

Eugene Field.

THE purest and best pleasures of affection and of social intercourse come to us without being sought. The truly happy man, in his relations with his family, his friends, and his fellow-citizens, is he who is thinking very little of his own personal enjoyment and very much of their well-being. But, while he is planning and striving for the happiness of his wife, the education of his children, the comfort of his friends, the prosperity of his city, and still more when he is witnessing the consummation of his efforts, his own heart is filled with a joy which is far higher, purer, and more permanent than any for which he could have striven.

THE LEGENDS OF CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.

THE eastern outpost of the Rocky Mountains is old Cheyenne, which rears its strange form high above the plains of Colorado. Its base is some seven thousand feet above sea level, and its head is in the clouds.

Old Cheyenne is a magnificent sentinel for the Rocky Mountain range, and in its caverns and cliffs is some of the grandest scenery in the front chain. Covering its face to the north are the trails, cut like scars, leading to the two great canyons, where the Cheyenne and Navajo Indians indulged in many a savage fight. One prominent trail winds and climbs up and over the summit, and finally leads the traveler into the now world-famous gold camp of Cripple Creek.

Almost at the very top of the old mountain, Helen Hunt Jackson, the poet and novelist, lies buried. It is a grand and fitting tomb for the genius that voiced the struggles, hopes and sorrows of the people of the West. As you stand beside her tomb and glance far down the mountain slopes, to where the snug homes nestle in the valley, you feel that this is the modern Cheyenne, yet you would not have to go back many years to view its canyons and crags as the fighting ground of the red man.

Two legends are told of the hoary old mountain—legends which well illustrate the superstitious nature of the Indian, and which are apt to stamp Cheyenne, even to the educated mind, as something which at one time had life and being, and to individualize it from its rugged companions as a mammoth historical monument whose rocky body, in the minds of one tribe of Indians, was

a petrified lizard, and to another tribe the grave of the devil.

A photograph gives but a vague idea of the real form of the mountain, which viewed under the Colorado sky, comes out in perfect outline, like a great sleeping lizard, with its head to the left, its shoulder-blades next, and its hips thrown high by the drawing up of the hind legs, and then, running far off to the right, goes the huge tail.

The legend descended from generations back among the Cheyenne Indians to this effect—that all the country, which is now a vast plain, was then an inland sea and there was too much water for the Indians.

In their distress, one of the most influential of the medicine men offered up sacrifices to the Great Spirit, and prayed him to send down some great animal to swallow up the water. Thus the story goes, and the Cheyenne Indians of to-day assert that the Manitou sent down a mighty lizard, which drank up all the water of the great inland lake, and then, being too heavy to return to the sky, fell into an endless sleep. That is their idea of the mass which white men call Cheyenne mountain. It is a fact that the resemblance of the mountain is very marked in the afternoon, when the declining sun outlines it strongly against the hills beyond.

The second legend is from the lore of the tribe of Indians who make those famous blankets called "Navajos," which almost every boy and girl have seen at some time or other. In years gone by, this tribe were sworn enemies to the Cheyennes, and tradition states that the country all about the mountain was the most frequent battle ground of the two tribes.

Almost exactly in the center of Cheyenne mountain, at that point which out-

lines the hip-joint of the lizard, may be seen two slender rocks, whose heads in reality rise fifty feet above their bases.

Now the Navajos, not to be outdone by their tribal enemies, claim that the mountain has not the sacred suggestion which the Cheyennes claim for it, and this is the reason they give:

One of the Gods of the Navajos was Manitou, a great and powerful warrior. A question arose one day between the devil and Manitou about the possession of the vast northern limits of El Dorado, now Colorado, and a serious dispute ensued.

Manitou claimed it was God's country, and the evil one claimed that it belonged to him. Words came thick and fast and at last they were engaged in a great fight, which lasted for several days, during which time the Navajo medicine men sacrificed man and beast, and perpetrated the most horrible tortures on themselves.

At last Manitou overcame the devil and slew him, and carrying his body to the top of Cheyenne Mountain, threw it into one of the deepest canyons, where it is still supposed to lie, the only visible portions of it being the two horns, which crop out just about midway in the crest of the mountain.

These are the legends which you may hear to-day if you will visit the tepees of either of the tribes I have mentioned.

THOSE who have enough individuality to think for themselves earnestly and deeply find in that very exercise a happiness that is all their own. They may share it with others, and it may be heightened by sympathy, but it cannot be taken away. It opens a refuge from many troubles and helps one to bear many burdens.

DID YOU EVER SEE A MANX CAT.

CHILDREN, did you ever see a manx cat? They originally came from the Isle of Man, off the coast of England. But there are many of them in this country now. They differ in many respects from the ordinary cat. The face is shorter, neck thick, and instead of the long tail they have a short one, very much like a rabbit. For this reason and because of their rabbitlike traits they are often called rabbit cats.

Our little Susan had one given her. It was buff and white and a little beauty. She is a good girl and loves animals very much, so she had made a great pet of "Bunnie," as she calls it. And it, in turn, loves her very dearly, and follows her around like a little dog.

They live in the country, and it is a pretty sight to see the two roaming the hills and meadows, Susan gathering flowers and Bunnie looking at her.

But one thing that pleases me most is to see them go to bed.

Little Susan's mamma allows Bunnie to go to bed with her and remain till she goes to sleep. Bunnie knows her bed time as well as Susan does, and if Susan is a little late, Bunnie will get on the bed and mew and call just as you have heard an old cat call her kittens. If this don't bring her, then she will find Susan, look up in her face, mew and run back to bed again.

Soon as her little mistress gets in bed Bunnie crawls down under the covers, turns around, licks her mistress' face, then puts her head on the pillow beside her, and thus they both go to sleep. Don't you think she is a wonderful cat?

T. Edmondson.

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils.

Our Little Folks.

WILL CHRISTMAS BE DULL OR BRIGHT?

"I just believe Christmas is going to be the dullest day of the whole year! I don't like this foggy, damp weather!"

Thus grumbled little Martha Cole, as she lounged and potted over her evening's work, instead of washing up the supper dishes briskly and neatly, as she could do, and as she sometimes did.

"Christmas may be dull or bright with us, as we choose to make it," said her mother as she rocked the cradle with her foot, and at the same time stitched a loose button onto her little son Blake's overcoat, in which she had just mended a great rent, made while coasting.

"How can Christmas be anything but dull for us, with father so far away, and when we don't expect to have presents or anything else nice?" asked Martha.

"We can have just as happy a Christmas tomorrow as others will have, however rich they may be, if we only think over the many blessings we have, and feel grateful for them," answered Mrs. Cole.

"Well I can't feel very grateful with father away off over the sea, and we having to stay at home day after day, with no change for me from washing dishes and tending baby all the time!" And the little girl rattled pans and spoons about in rather a dangerous way, giving vent to her unpleasant feelings.

"You shouldn't speak in that tone about father's being away, when he has gone to preach the Gospel to people who have not heard it; should she mother? I think the Lord can help us to have a bright Christmas anyway; and make us feel almost as if father were here," said Blake.

"She ought not to speak so about anything, when we have so much to be thankful for," replied the mother. "I have just been thinking over several Christmas days that I remember; the brightest were those in which I did most for the happiness of others, and the dullest, those in which I thought most about my own comfort, or, like Martha, of what I should like, but could not have."

"Oh mother! I don't believe you were ever a bit selfish over anything, or that you ever saw a really dull Christmas, did you?" said Blake, putting one little arm very lovingly around the dear mother's neck.

"I was a child once, a little girl like Martha," replied Mrs. Cole.

"Tell us about the Christmas days you remember, when you were a little girl, and when you were young, before father married you, will you please mother?" coaxed the boy.

"Come Mattie," he continued, "hurry and wash the dishes, and I'll wipe them for you, and then we can sit down and be still, and mother will tell us, won't you mother?"

"I'll try, and see if I can think of anything that is worth telling," said Mrs. Cole, feeling that she ought to try to gratify her little boy who was doing his best to be kind and good that evening.

"While you are finishing your work. I will say this to you, my children," began the mother. "You, yourselves, furnish a good illustration of the lesson I wish to impress upon your minds this evening.

"My little Martha, instead of doing her work nicely and cheerfully, remembering that it is a duty, and should be a pleasure for her to help mother all she can, has allowed herself to pout and mope and be cross until she feels it a great task to do a small and easy piece

of work. And she does not see how we can have a pleasant Christmas with father away, although he is doing his duty as a servant of the Lord; or without something new, though we are blest with all the actual necessities of life, and many comforts beside.

"Her brother Blake, having been moved upon by a different and better spirit this afternoon, has whistled and sung softly and cheerily, while he fed and milked the cow, brought in coal and kindling, shoveled and swept the melting snow and ice from the steps and paths, and is now ready to sit down and enjoy the evening; or to help his sister with her unfinished work. And he sees how we can be helped to be happy, and feel so sure that father is safe and well, and having a good time, that we will not grieve over his being absent.

"Now, what I want you to do, my dears, is this. Blake to continue being good and happy, and Martha to learn to be happy by being good, thinking what she can do to be kind to others, and doing it."

"We are ready for the story now; and we'll try very hard to do as you say, mother, won't we, Mattie?" said Blake.

"I guess so," replied Mattie, not quite over her pettishness, but anxious for the stories to begin.

The children seated themselves comfortably by the fire, and while the mother went on with her mending, she allowed her thoughts to go far back, to the first Christmas she could distinctly remember, when she was between four and five years old.

"My father kept a little store then," said Mrs. Cole. "Among the most pleasing things that happened on that, my first remembered Christmas, was that father and mother made up some nice

little packages of sugar, raisins and candy, also pieces of fresh pork, and sent the older children and myself to take them to friends and neighbors who were not quite so well off as we were perhaps. One family we called on was a widow woman and her three daughters. How the woman blest us over and over again, and how the girls ran after us as we left, wishing all sorts of happy things for our Christmas. I do not remember that we had any presents at all made to us, but I know we were happy and very light-hearted that day. Most likely 'Santa Claus' filled our stockings with nice things, but that part I forget all about, there was so much more pleasure in the little kindnesses we were allowed by our dear parents to do for others.

"Another Christmas, perhaps the next, father was a member of the Territorial Legislature, away in Salt Lake City, and could not come home. But he sent us some little books, which were rare things for us, in those days. We were greatly delighted, but not so happy as on the other day, when we gave gifts instead of receiving them. In fact, in all my childhood's years, I do not remember another Christmas which seemed as perfect as that one which we began celebrating at an early hour by carrying offerings of good will to the poor, making that the leading feature of the day's doings.

"Yet we always had merry times at Christmas, often entertaining friends, or going to little parties given by others.

"I will tell you of one other extra good day that I had, when I was a young woman, and was teaching school a long way from home.

"The rail-road was a new thing in Utah at that time, and at some points stopped or terminated between settlements, where small station rooms would

he put up to be used by the workmen who were employed on the road.

"When the winter's holiday vacation came, I went home, traveling as far as I could on the cars, and hiring a team at one of the small stations I have mentioned to take me the rest of the way.

"It was a pleasant surprise indeed, to the folks at home, when I walked in just at dusk; for I had written to them that I should not be able to come, because duty seemed to demand my presence where I was employed as a teacher.

"We had a very joyous time for two days, then I had to return to my school, as I had agreed to do when I left it.

"It seemed to me the hardest thing I had ever been called to pass through to leave my home that winter morning.

"Father took me to the rail road terminus in a sleigh. His team was a span of lively colts that were more than willing to travel faster than he cared to have them over a well beaten and excellent sleigh track.

"I could not help enjoying the ride, for sleigh-riding was always one of my chief amusements. But when father left me standing in front of the little station-room, as he stepped into the sleigh and took the reins, the engine, preparing to start out, puffed and snorted vigorously, and away dashed the colts at break-neck speed, almost throwing sleigh and driver upside down in a short and sudden turn. At the same moment I had to hurry into the car to avoid being left.

"'Oh, help my father, do!'" I called to the men standing by, and they looked after the flying team, but it was far out of their reach even if they had wanted to offer assistance. And I thought they looked as if they were laughing at what they might have considered my foolish

fright, which added to my distress, as the train moved off, bearing me farther and farther from my loved ones.

"How wretched I thought myself, as I leaned back in my seat and wondered how long it would be before a letter from home would reach me, telling me whether father was much hurt by the wrench he must have received when the colts started to run, and if they would take him home safely. But I was not wretched long; what do you think brightened me up, and made me hopeful and happy?"

"Reading from a good book you had with you," said Blake.

"No," answered his mother.

"Took your note book and pencil and wrote something cheering," said Mattie.

"No," replied Mrs. Cole. "Although the early morning was bright, the day soon became cloudy and misty, and the snow fell so fast and thick, it was too dark in the car to read or write with satisfaction."

"I know then," said Mattie, "some one that you knew came and talked to you in a pleasant, kindly way, which made you feel comfortable."

"There was not a soul on the car that I knew; no one spoke to me, but I spoke to some one, and I will tell you how it was," said Mrs. Cole.

"At the first settlement we stopped in, a poor crippled woman came into the car. She had to walk with a crutch under one arm, and on the other arm she carried a baby; and following the conductor came another small child and a large sack of clothes into the car. The crippled mother and her little ones all three looked very cold and miserable and forsaken.

"I do not think one feeling of homesickness came to me all through that long, tedious journey, which lasted until

night, after the first sight of that unfortunate family. It took my whole time and attention to help the poor mother to keep her babies amused and safe. To add to the woman's discomfort, she was a foreigner and could scarcely speak or understand the English language at all.

"The packing snow on the car track caused the train to move very slowly, and at one station where we changed cars, we had to wait two hours for the trains to connect.

"All this might have caused me to feel very unhappy if I had been without employment of a kindly nature. But seeing that the poor mother and children brightened up and seemed comforted by the attention I showed them, I rejoiced in helping them to be happy, even under these unpleasant circumstances.

"Wherever they had started from or were going to, they seemed to be without friends or means; had not even a lunch with them; and I was much gratified that the kind hands of my precious mother had provided me liberally with a variety of good things to eat, so that I could divide with the needy ones who had come under my care, and enjoy seeing the relish with which they partook of my holiday repast. It was ever so much nicer than it would have been nibbling at it alone; I doubt if I should have taken the trouble to eat at all that day, had I been left to myself to brood over my loneliness. As it was that day was the happiest of all that holiday season; a day that I have often called to mind with peculiar feelings of pleasure and gratitude. For I learned at that time a most important and valuable lesson."

"I can understand what the lesson was, I think, mother," said Mattie, as her mother paused.

"So can I," said Blake.

"That is good, my darlings; tell me how you understand it," said the mother, "for I am anxious that you should both learn the truth of the lesson I am trying to teach this evening."

"I think because you pitied the poor woman and children, you forgot to think about your own troubles," said Mattie.

"And because you were good to them, and comforted them, the Lord comforted you," said Blake.

"Yes, you are both right," said Mrs. Cole. "And there was another thing about it too, that I would like you to notice. When I saw that poor, helpless woman's condition, I not only lost sight of my own troubles for the time, but when I came to look for them again, I found that in reality I had none, and had never had any.

"There is a line in William Cowper's writings that I would like you to always remember. It is,

"'When we are grateful we are happy.'"

Mattie and Blake repeated the line, and promised to try to think of it often; and then Mattie asked,

"What became of that woman and her babies, mother?"

And Mrs. Cole finished her story thus:

"It was late at night when the train reached the city in which I was teaching. I had found out that the poor woman was going to stop at the same place. And when I got off the train I helped her and her children off too.

"The family with whom I boarded lived a long way from the depot; and if it had been near, I still had no right to take the woman and children there. So I had to think what I could do with them. There was no other way than to ask charity for them, shelter and food for the night. I carried one child and the sack of clothes, and knocked at the

first door we came to. The lady of the house was not at home, and the servant girl did not dare to take the 'poor things' in.

"At the next house a gentleman answered my knock and said his wife was sick, and he could not take them in.

But at the third place, where I was myself ready to drop with exhaustion from tramping through the deep snow with so heavy a burden, the woman and her babies were admitted, and I think kindly cared for. I never saw or heard of them afterwards.

"When I reached my home, I learned that some of my friends had been to the depot and waited some time for me, two or three hours before the train got in, as it was due at that time. This added to the pleasure of the day, for although I had trudged home alone, it was pleasant to know I had been thought of and not neglected.

"Now children, it is for us to decide what kind of a Christmas we will have tomorrow. Shall we have it dull and miserable, or bright and happy?"

"Bright and happy!" answered both children, while Blake clapped his hands and Martha kissed her mother.

Lula.

PRIZES FOR 1896.

IN No. 1 of this volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR we offered a number of prizes for best work done in Original Stories, Penmanship, Pen and Pencil Map Drawings, Historical Sketches, Dialogues, Recitations, etc.

We will publish a list of the names of those who are entitled to the prizes in No. 1, Vol. 32, January 1st, 1897.

THE soul of conversation is sympathy,

THE DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

"Come wife," said good old farmer Gray,
 "Put on your things, 'tis market day,
 And we'll be off to the nearest town,
 There and back ere the sun goes down.
 Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind,"
 But Spot he barked and Spot he whined,
 And soon made up his doggish mind
 To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,
 And joy came into the farmer's face,
 "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,
 But I'm awful glad he is left at home—
 He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,
 And keep the cattle out of the lot."
 "I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,
 The dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold
 And got his pay in yellow gold:
 Home through the lonely forest. Hark!
 A robber springs from behind a tree;
 "Your money or else your life," says he;
 The moon was up, but he didn't see
 The dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined
 But quickly caught the thief behind;
 He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,
 And tore his coat and tore his shirt,
 Then held him fast on the miry ground;
 The robber uttered not a sound,
 While his hands and feet the farmer
 bound,
 And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life,
 The farmer's money, the farmer's wife,
 And now a hero grand and gay,
 A silver collar he wears today;
 Among his friends, among his foes--
 And everywhere his master goes--
 He follows on his horny toes,
 The dog under the wagon.

—*The Advance.*

A BOY WHO WORKED UP.

ONE day many years ago a bright boy found employment in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him, with a long face and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money; keep your book, and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth with curiosity examined the volume. It was a work on astronomy, by Dick, and it so fascinated him that he sat up all night studying it. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens. He began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy.

The next step was to buy a small spyglass, and night after night, he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house, studying the stars. He secured, second-hand, the tube of a larger spy glass, into which he fitted an eyepiece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass, with which he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually roaming the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous. He was invited by the professors in Vanderbilt university to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the following four years he discovered six comets.

He was next engaged by the Lick observatory in California. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six inch refracting telescope, the largest ever made, he discovered eight comets, and last summer astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the milky way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in his work in star photography.

Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, which is Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, and this is the story of how he worked up.

MY PRECIOUS BOY.

I see him still athwart the years,
A tireless lad—a child indeed;
He scarce was three, yet smiles and tears
Across his fresh and rosy face,
Each other chased at startling pace;
A happy mood, or scolding, fears,
Though oft he played he did not heed.

His hat thrown back, (a rough old
thing)
Held by his curls of golden hue;
I see him ride on unmarked ring,
His horse, a willow from the wood,
A whip, no whalebone half so good.
Oh, miles each day, he'd kick and cling,
'Till tired and worn, to bed he flew.

He had his pets, the sunny boy,
His pigeons, ducks, his chickens frail,
Scarce out the shell, 'twas his employ,
To wrap in flannel by the fire,
To feed and watch and never tire,
If sad mishap, 'twould damp his joy,
A tiny grave his thrice-told tale.

His little spade prepared the spot,
 Beneath the trees, for so called rest;
 'Twas once "a wabbit," said the "tot,"
 That, he interred in earnest way;
 And then a kitten went one day,
 When spring brought flowers he ne'er
 forgot,
 To strew the little mounds, love-pressed.

Full soon he tired of skirts and curls,
 To "be a man," supremest bliss;
 In overalls (great day) he whirls,
 His eyes aflame, and cheeks aglow,
 "Now Ma, I'll work for you, I know,
 My skirts you give to your poor girls,
 And you shall have my sweetest kiss."

No coaxing since had power to change,
 His blank refusal, sobs and tears,
 Although his capers told how strange,
 Were pants and jacket, cap and tie,
 "Neath gleaming face, o'er laughing eye;
 Suns curls, to wake from childhoods
 range,
 As widening thought of youth appears.

What Seer hath power to scan the
 scroll,
 The future of this life begun?
 The aspirations of a soul
 It is weal or woe, if short or long,
 A dirge perchance, or thrilling song,
 Harmonious, full, a ronded whole,
 'Neath storms or clouds or radiant sun.

Will child life blessed upon the farm,
 Be envied as the years roll by,
 While dreams of pets, and graves, disarm,
 Temptations force in wider sphere,
 And be a check when sin is near.
 I am no Prophet, hopes are warm,
 My query 'tis, my prayer, my cry.

H. W. N.

TRUE hope is swift, and flies with
 swallows' wings; kings it makes gods,
 and meaner creatures kings.

HALF A MAN.

Half a man! My first born son;
 Ten years old this lovely morning;
 Thus far, lightly have you run,
 Peace and love your life adorning.

Not a shadow, worth the name,
 Has appeared to dim the lustre
 Of the joys that with you came,
 And around you love to cluster.

Should your parents wish that long
 In this smooth path you might travel
 No hard work to make you strong,
 No deep problems to unravel?

Mother's fondness might suggest
 Long life thus, all clothed in beauty;
 But Our Father, God, knows best,
 And He points us all to duty.

Duty which demands the force
 Of a soldier trained and fearless;
 Earnest, faithful in his course,
 Though the way seem hard and
 cheerless.

May you bear the sacred word
 Of Eternal Life and glory,
 Unto ears which have not heard
 Jesus wondrous, loving story.

Manly ever—soon a man,
 Cling to truth, my boy, unswerving;
 Study well the gospel plan,
 Jesus ever humbly serving.

Then, whatever works of art,
 By your hands may be selected,
 Truth shall guide, and God impart
 More than young, bright hope
 expected.

For this child, oh God! I praise
 Thy great love, Thy mercies tender;
 Lead him in Thy chosen ways,
 Safely through Thy gates of splendor.

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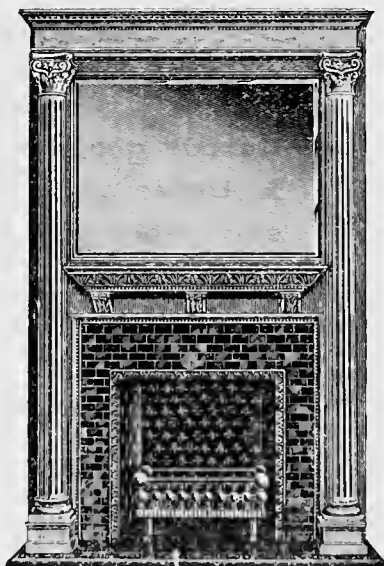
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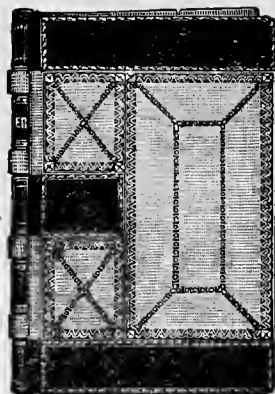
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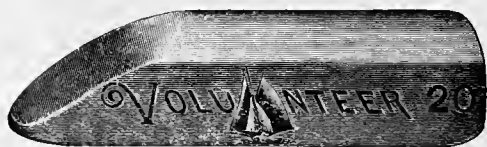
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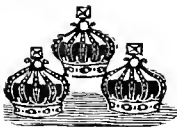


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